JUNE 13, 1975 / 75 CENTS

THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

NEW TIMES

The refugees: strangers in a strange land

Abbie Hoffman part II

How Robert Altman got to "Nashville"

The [illegible] myth

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The sun is over the yardarm, and you're about to have "the usual." But it's the kind of day for something special. So you have Campari & Bitter Lemon instead.

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Campari & Bitter Lemon...pour a jigger (1½ oz.) of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Fill with **Schweppes Bitter Lemon.** Add twist of lemon, if desired.

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And

THE BROWN DIRT *Cowboy*

FROM THE END OF THE WORLD TO YOUR TOWN

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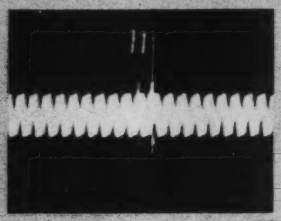
ELTON JOHN



Actual, unretouched photo of an oscillograph test.

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You're hearing fingerprints now through your speaker system. Instead of the sound your precious discs are capable of. And no vacuum record cleaner, brush-arm or treated cloth will remove them. None.

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NEW TIMES, June 13, 1975, Volume 4, Number 12

TOP OF THE NEWS

"The prisons of our freedom" The refugees fled internment, humiliation, "reeducation." At Camp Pendleton, their nightmares are beginning to overtake them **By Robert Sam Anson** page 16

What makes Abbie run? Abbie wants to get the word out: the people in the underground know what they're doing and they've got some very ambitious plans **By Ron Rosenbaum** page 32

Depression Daze **By Paul Siansky** page 15

THESE ARE NEW TIMES

The executive epidemic Now that the managers outnumber the managed, the country has become top-heavy with administrators clinging to authority, and the system is not working. Can we demanage America? **By Richard Cornuelle** page 46

THE ARTS

The long road to "Nashville" Daredevil director Robert Altman's new film about Music City, U.S.A., has generated the hottest advance talk since *Last Tango*. But the legend of *Nashville* began even before the movie went into production **By Jack Viertel and David Colker** page 52

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FINAL TRIBUTE
No more nights at the Long Branch **By Mark Goodman** page 68

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9-Top, Wide World: bottom, Dick Swanson. 11-Left, Julian Wasser/Gamma: right, Ken Regan/Camera 5. 12-Left, Raymond Dupardon/Gamma: right, Illustration by Richard Egielski. 13-Left, Jeanie Black: right, Ken Regan/Camera 5. 15-Top left, D. Nicholson; top right, Wide World: center left, UPI. 59, 61-Paramount (2). 62-Electra/Asylum. 68-CBS.

LETTERS

Still chuckling

I would like to correct three substantial inaccuracies in your article about Dr. Hunter S. Thompson and *Rolling Stone* (Insider, May 16).

1. Expenses for Dr. Thompson's trip to Zaire were not remotely close to the figure you cited;
2. The circulation of *Rolling Stone* has never varied 40,000 copies from one issue to the next;
3. Dr. Thompson was not sitting by the side of the pool during the Ali-Frazier fight, he was swimming in it.

I tried to explain this in the first place when your writer called, but he felt his facts, I suppose, were more "saleable." That is why I said, "Just quote me as chuckling."

Jann Wenner
Editor, Rolling Stone
New York, N.Y.

Editor's Note: When Wenner was asked by our writer to confirm the information we had received, he had two comments: "Just quote me as chuckling" and "I haven't seen his expense accounts from Africa." If Wenner had read the item closely, he would have seen that we stated that a Thompson byline attracts "as many as 40,000 extra readers," not purchasers. As Wenner well knows, his magazine, like others, reaches several readers with each copy sold.

The Zapruder payment

I would like to clear up one misunderstanding contained in your Insider item ("Passing the buck," May 2)—and shared by many others—about the Zapruder film of the Kennedy assassination which I obtained in 1963 for Time Inc.

We did not reveal the purchase price at Mr. Zapruder's specific request. He was concerned with local backlash—one reason why he donated the first annual payment of $25,000 to the family of the slain police officer Tippit. We certainly did not agree, as you say, "to tell the world" that the purchase price was only $25,000. When asked the full purchase price, Time Inc. could only reply "no comment" because of our agreement with Mr. Zapruder.

However, after his death, I revealed the amount, $150,000, plus other details of the transaction in a November 1973 article in *Esquire*. The full story is on the record; the misconceptions, on this point at least, should have ended.

Richard B. Stolley
Managing Editor
PEOPLE Weekly

Brief encounter

In reference to "The last Republican in Chicago," May 2: Mary, John Hoellen's press chief, should receive an award for special services to the Republican party during that remarkably brief encounter between Chicago mayoral candidate Hoellen and ('76) presidential candidate Ford. Quoting Mary: "It's so tacky. Ford stepped on my foot when he was walking through the line. . . ." Take heart, Mary. For that instant while his foot was on yours, it was not in his mouth.

Barbara Wood
Prairie Village, Kansas

Managing Miss M

Henry Post's piece on Bette Midler was of special interest to me because I am Bette Midler's *only* former agent ("The Divine Recline of Miss M," April 18). I have never met Mr. Post and, so far as I can determine, he made no effort to reach me. If he had he would have learned that, in my opinion, Bette's career is at a new peak.

Aaron Russo was always accessible and sensible about Bette. It was he who made the decision to ignore the large sums of money which could have been made by distorting Bette into a conventional Las Vegas performer and who insisted that she appear at places like The Troubadour in Los Angeles and The Bitter End in New York. His insistence that she perform in an appropriate environment, regardless of money, was the crucial decision for her career. Both of them have been remarkably unaffected by their success. They are intelligent decent people. I did not agree with every decision they made. However, I think the results speak for themselves and confirm my feeling that Bette Midler is an extraordinary talent whose career has been intelligently and carefully managed.

Samuel C. Cohn
International Creative Management
New York, New York

Editor's Note: Mr. Cohn, a very busy superagent, has other ICM employees take care of much day-to-day business for his clients. The "former agent" quoted in Post's story was one such associate.

Is there finally a speaker as good as today's best tapes and records?

Today's best recordings can reproduce music's wide dynamic range, from the softest soft to the loudest loud. Many of today's most popular speakers cannot.

B·I·C VENTURI's can, because they are the only speakers combining high efficiency with high power handling capability. They need less power input for the same sound output, so you can play louder without driving your amplifier into distortion on transient peaks. And they can handle more power too, . . . without distortion.

You can also hear the subtleties of soft and moderate level sounds, too, thanks to B·I·C VENTURI's exclusive DYNAMIC TONAL BALANCE circuit (pats. pend.) Bring in your favorite recording and listen to your music on our speaker at any B·I·C VENTURI dealer. For brochure, write:

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How to pick up girls

SLOW DOWN

By James S. Kunen

You've seen the ad:

"*How to Pick up Girls*! by Eric Weber. Here is a book that not only teaches you *exactly* how to pick up girls . . . it *guarantees* you will pick up girls. . . .

"All you have to do is walk up to the girl you have your eye on, use one of the incredibly simple techniques described in this book and you will pick her up. There is simply no way she can refuse you. WE GUARANTEE IT!"

I saw the ad often. But I'm not the sort of person who likes to think of himself as the sort of person who sends away for that sort of book. Finally, out of a sense of duty as a social critic, I ordered a copy, just to see what it was all about. Certainly I didn't entertain for a second the slightest glimmer of hope that any of the "100 surefire techniques" would make me irresistible to "girls with long lean legs and large rounded breasts." *I* know there are no secrets the world has kept from me, no magic to which I am not privy. Anyway, women like that aren't beautiful. They only *look* beautiful.

I sent in my check. Time passed. I received my canceled check. More time passed.

At last it came—a hardcover book, with a picture of nine rather forbidding looking people on the cover: "girls." A cursory examination revealed that it was not pornography. Far from it. It's a 110 page (very big print) gee-whiz positive thinking pep talk to the underconfident male: You *can* pick up girls. You *can* pick up girls.

How to do it?

1) Speak. Say *anything*. ("If you say to a girl, honestly and sincerely, 'Didn't you go to the University of Delaware?' most of the time she'll think you really mean it. Even if you don't!" "Tell a girl point-blank that you'd love to go to bed with her.")

2) Get her drunk.

But the "World's Greatest Pickup Technique" is: "Just be yourself." But you're not good-looking? Piffle. Balderdash. *Girls* don't care about looks. To a man a woman's looks are of *paramount* importance. But women are different from men. They really are. They're much more interested in what a man is like on the inside than the outside." "Actually, I *prefer* men who aren't very good-looking. They have better personalities," we are told by "Monique," "a beautiful young ballet dancer."

"So don't get all neurotic and insecure because you're not the spitting image of Paul Newman."

Sound advice. And it's been so well received—135,000 copies sold through the mail at $7.95—that Eric Weber, the 32-year-old married writer of television commercials who wrote and published the book himself, commissioned a woman to pen a sequel, *How to Pick up Men!*

It tells women that if you have *personality*, "you don't have to be all that good-looking." And if you use "the world's greatest technique"—"be yourself"—you too can meet men like "Alex," "very bright (his degree's from Harvard) and he sort of looks like Paul Newman when he smiles."

Wait a second.

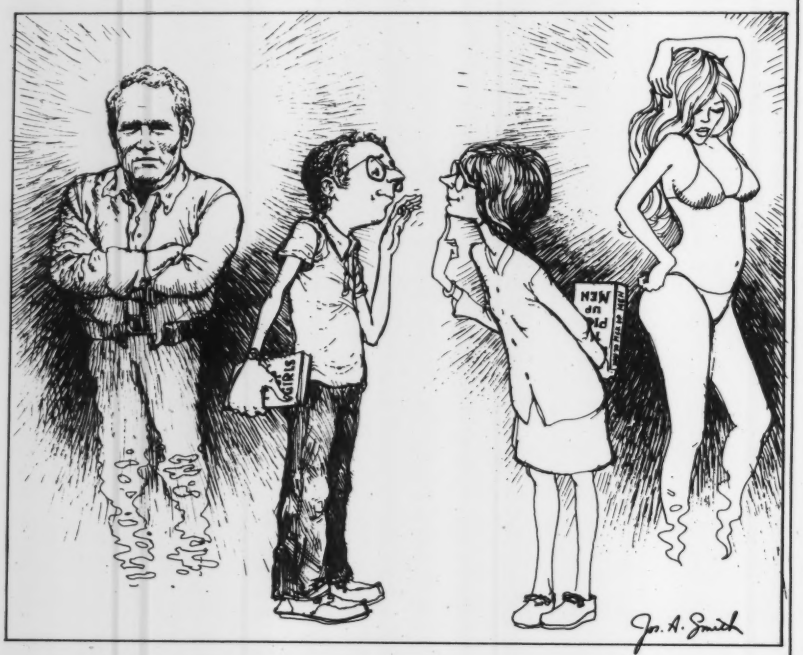
One book tells men they don't have to look like Paul Newman to get a dream girl. The other tells women they don't have to be dream girls to get Paul Newman.

No *wonder* so many men and women spend their evenings with these tomes. They don't want each other. They can *have* each other. They're looking for a fantasy.

The *How to* books purport to help bring people together, but they do just the opposite. The images of desirability they foster help maintain the *artificial* scarcity of sex partners which creates the demand for the books in the first place.

All the men are encouraged to insist on Vargas girls, who don't exist; and the women are urged to hold out for 50-year-old married movie stars.

It's as Philip Slater wrote: "The fundamental mechanism for generating sexual scarcity is to attach sexual interest to inaccessible, nonexistent or irrelevant objects." Such an attachment is "an emotional long shot that will never pay off."



So we have to "satisfy our emotional needs with material products. . . . Our economy depends upon our willingness to turn to things rather than people for gratification. . . . The gross national product will reach its highest point when a material object can be interpolated between every itch and its scratch."

Thousands of women hope Eric Weber will get them men. Thousands of men hope Eric Weber will get them women. Why not eliminate the middle man?

We'd save a lot of money.

For one thing ●

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

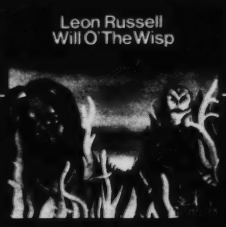
Leon Russell's Seventh Album On Shelter

A collection of original songs & musical movements

WILL O' THE WISP

Stevens Forty Track Tape Recorder
API Automated Process Board
Eu Polyphonic Synthesizer
RMI Electric Piano
Hohner Clavinet
Steinway Piano

Hammond Organ
Gibson Guitar and Bass
Alembic Bass
Leedy Vibes
Kustom Amplifiers
JBL Studio Monitors



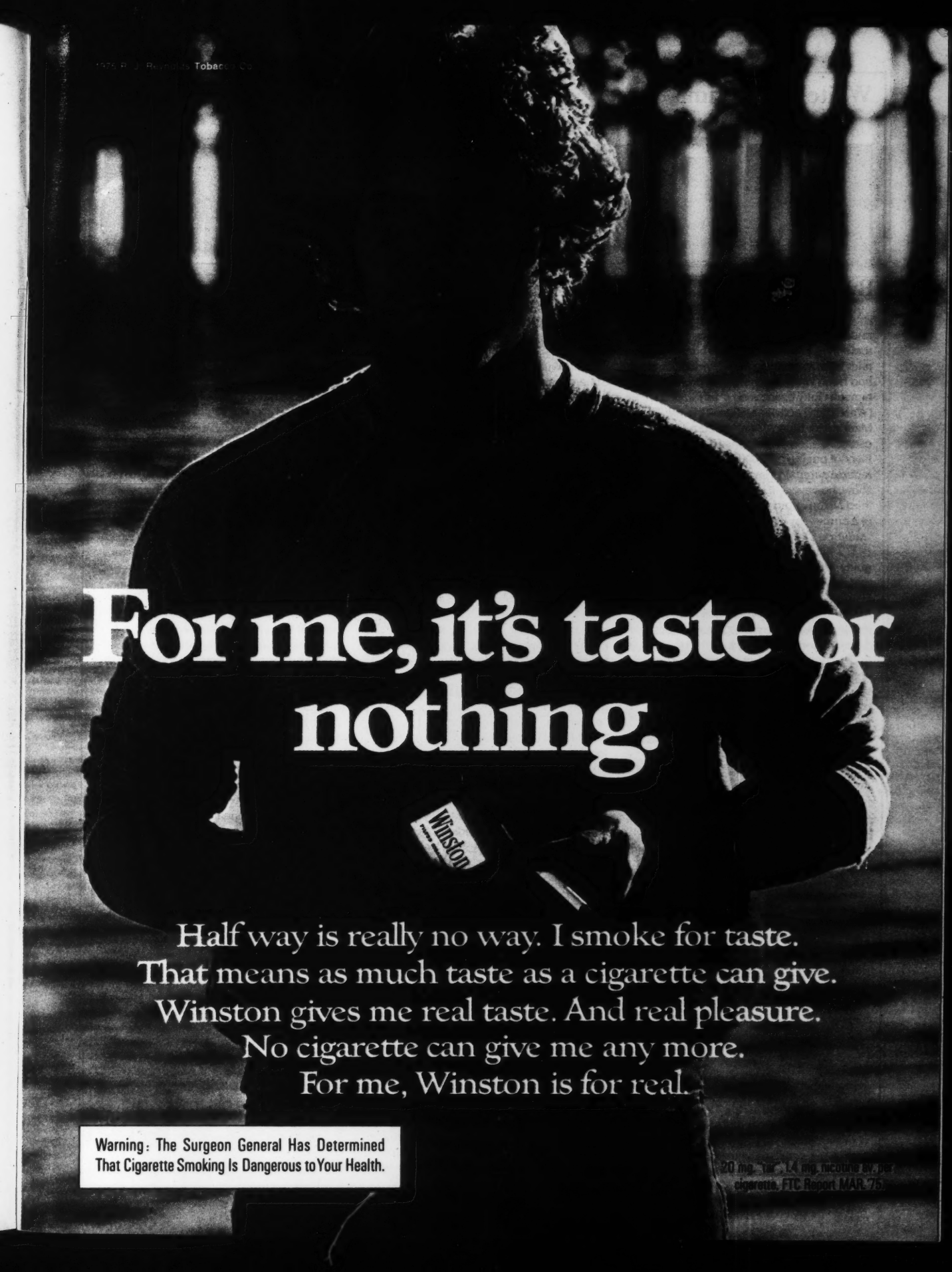
Distributed by MCA Records, Inc. Produced by Denny Cordell and Leon Russell

WILL O' THE WISP Songbook
And LEON RUSSELL ANTHOLOGY SONGBOOK.
Available through Screen Gems-Columbia Publications.

SHELTER

By Stuart Hample & Seymour Chwast

AMERICA IS IN TROUBLE. EVERY CITIZEN HAS GOT TO TIGHTEN HIS BELT, MAKE SACRIFICES, & SAVE ENERGY!
PROSPERITY IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER
TOMPKINS, YOU MAY EXTINGUISH THE LIGHTS OVER THE PORTRAITS OF DECEASED MEMBERS.
STARTING TONIGHT, WHEN WE DINE OUT, JEANETTE AND I WILL NO LONGER ORDER APPETIZERS.
MY WIFE AND I WILL SHORTEN OUR STAY IN KUALA LUMPUR BY 2 WEEKS.
BY GOD, I WON'T BUY NEW SHOES. I'LL HAVE THESE RESOLED.
THE TIME TO ACT IS NOW. THEREFORE, ON BEHALF OF OUR NATION, EDGAR, YOU'RE FIRED!


1975 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
For me, it's taste or nothing.
Winston
Half way is really no way. I smoke for taste.
That means as much taste as a cigarette can give.
Winston gives me real taste. And real pleasure.
No cigarette can give me any more.
For me, Winston is for real.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.

White-collar crime

FULMINATIONS

By Larry L. King

Mr. Maurice Stans, who carelessly raised a record $60 million toward reelecting President Terrible, beamed on television in assuring us his "good name" had been vindicated and then proclaimed himself "fully exonerated of any improper [Watergate] activities." I don't blame Maurice for being gratefully dizzy: he escaped a 2-to-5-year prison sentence in favor of paying a $5,000 fine for violation of federal campaign laws. You'll win on a quiz show, however—if asked to identify the third Nixon cabinet member to be convicted of a crime—by offering the good name "Maurice Stans."

Funny how none of the big boys is guilty. Nixon was "no crook." Spiro Agnew had nothing to hide and would never resign. Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell, Colson, Kleindienst, Kalmbach—these were terribly misunderstood men! Congressman Bob Sikes of Florida recently took the House floor to deny conflict-of-interest charges: nothing wrong in his having profited from two islands in the Gulf of Mexico controlled by himself and his corporate associates; what's the matter, you don't believe in free enterprise? Never mind that Sikes authored, and pushed to passage, a private bill permitting the commercial development of those islands. George Wallace, the sneaky little devil, has found a way to convert political money to private use by charging his presidential organization "royalties" for the use of his very own picture on his very own campaign literature. George said why, hail, he hadn't done a damn thang wrong 'cause he wouldn't *do* nothin' wrong. Me neither. Apparently, however, everybody else does. Here are revelations only from the past fortnight:

—$84.3 million, to buy fuel for the South Vietnamese Air Force, has disappeared. Two employees of our former Saigon embassy are charged with conspiracy.

—Florida state officials claim to have uncovered "the largest land fraud swindle in history," which bilked maybe 80,000 victims of up to $1 billion.

—Seven are indicted and 100 are being investigated in New Orleans in the fraudulent handling, grading and weighing of grain. More than $1.5 million is known to have been salted away in Bahamian banks.

—Vietnamese prostitutes are working military bases in Texas—allegedly brought there by a "high-ranking U.S. Army officer" during refugee operations.

—Vietnam vets apparently have pocketed $329.6 million in educational benefits without troubling to go to school. Colleges and universities went along with the deception so as to receive state funds based upon their sizes of enrollment.

—Correspondence schools are being investigated for fraud and misrepresentations in connection with federally guaranteed student loans. No way, at the moment, to say how extensive the losses: HEW admits having kept such piss-poor records it cannot guess.

—Gulf Oil admits paying $5 million to politicians in South Korea, Bolivia and Italy for unspecified favors. Exxon Corporation made "political contributions" in Canada and Italy but won't say how much went to whom for what. Ditto for Mobil Oil, also stonewalling it. The Securities and Exchange Commission charges Ashland Oil is short almost $5 million in unaccounted funds.

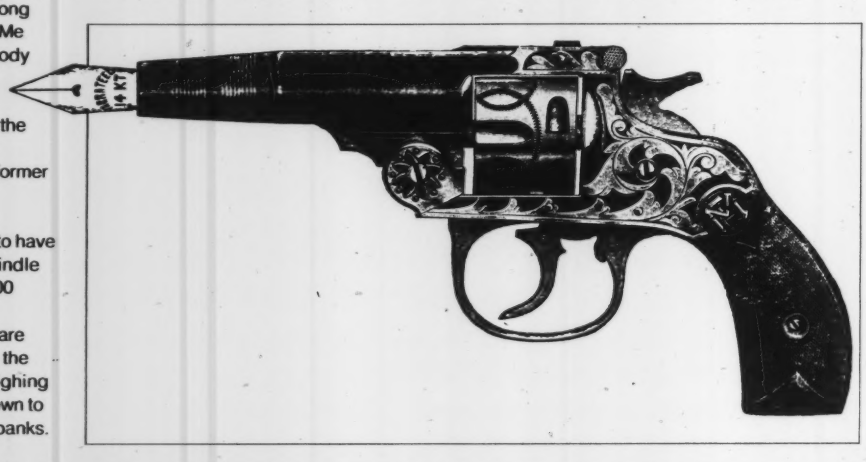
—United Brands says it paid $1.25 million to Honduran officials in undefined "extortions." There are reports that the late Eli Black of United Brands tried to bribe a former president to reduce banana export taxes. Mr. Black can't comment, having last February jumped from fatal heights.

—Northrop Corporation is accused by the SEC of having failed to keep proper records of $30 million paid out overseas, some of which allegedly went for bribes. Northrop also admits paying $1.4 million in political contributions through an illegal slush fund.

—Richard Nixon, who cheated the government of $148,000 in taxes in 1969, has yet to send a check or a word to the IRS, even though he promised to pay it. Tricky cannot be prosecuted, the statute of limitations having run out.

Who's losing in all these crooked deals? Taxpayers. Consumers. Stockholders. Me. You. There's no end to it. People are ripping off welfare, food stamps, tax shelters. (One tax law, allegedly to finance low-income housing for the poor, permits the investor $100,000 in tax write-offs for an investment of *one-tenth* that.) About 35 percent of the fires on which people tried to collect insurance last year involved arson. One wonders if the failed government of South Vietnam was any more rotten at the core than is the U.S.A.

In Russia, recently, they caught the head of a Soviet business organization taking a half-million in bribes from a Western businessman and made the decision to shoot him; the briber himself got ten years. I'm not yet recommending firing squads for the greedy, though I am sick and tired of so-called white collar criminals being lightly tapped on the wrists when they whine and cry about all the damage done to their good names. A crook is a crook, no matter how he dresses or who he knows. When President Ford offers to "put away for life" felons who repeat their crimes, so as to isolate them from society, let him remember that not all crime is in the streets or is accomplished at the point of a gun. ●



Sally Quinn tells her side;
The truth about guaranteed income

THE INSIDER

EDITED BY TONY SCHWARTZ

POWER POLITICS

Bucking the system

What happens to low-income families who are placed on a guaranteed annual income over a significant time period? Household heads get complacent and quit their jobs, say longtime critics of such programs. In fact, according to a little publicized $70-million series of HEW experiments, what really happens is. . .nothing.

Beginning in 1969, families in six places—parts of New Jersey, rural Iowa and North Carolina, Seattle, Denver and Gary, Indiana—were given tax-free grants up to $5,400 annually. As outside earnings increased, supplemental payments decreased to zero at levels determined by family size. Among the 7,500 or so families participating, one-half were control subjects who received no stipend. Both groups kept scrupulous records of their expenses and submitted to in-depth interviews with program researchers.

The findings to date are startling for their blandness. Data for the control families and for those that received aid has been nearly identical. Overall, poor people stayed poor; the unemployed remained unemployed; and earnings were subject only to changes consistent with the economy.

Almost no evidence surfaced showing that male household heads are likely to give up their jobs when they get stipends. A large percentage of the women who had been working did quit their jobs, but that may not be statistically significant because only a small percentage had been working previously.

The most positive effect of the program, says John Maiolo, co-chief investigator for the Gary experiment, was to give families some breathing room. "They had more money to buy better food, consider some material purchases, and they were able to function more like other people in our society," he explained.

You can't go home again

San Clemente: Nixon ponders leaving

Richard Nixon is giving serious thought to leaving his isolated San Clemente estate and moving to Los Angeles, according to three sources in close contact with the former president recently. Word has it that although the move is at least a year away, Nixon is restless at the Casa Pacifica. He wants to be closer to the presidential library scheduled for construction at the University of Southern California, and, more significantly, he is reported to be bored and lonely in his self-imposed exile-by-the-sea. Friends say he would like more social contact with old friends in and around Los Angeles.

Projecting victory

A public interest group that spent a paltry $125,000 and helped elect half the new Democratic members of Congress in 1974 is back on the campaign trail. The Campaign Services Project, which had a startling record of 35 victories in 49 races, is looking for new candidates and gearing up fund-raising efforts. An offshoot of the National Committee for an Effective Congress, the Project s success is attributed to a deceptively simple discovery: most candidates don't know how to run a campaign.

The group's method is first to identify candidates with atypical qualities: high energy, a sense of urgency and a progressive and pragmatic approach to political change. The Project isn't concerned about a candidate's age, race, sex or lack of traditional experience. After identifying candidates, the Project seeks sophisticated consultants willing to work for office-seekers they admire at one-quarter to one-half the going rate. The consultants are sent into key districts for a few days at a time; all the details are handled from the project's Washington, D.C., headquarters (201 Mass. Ave.,N.E., Wash., D.C. 20002).

The first success came in April 1974. The Project helped Bob Traxler (D-Mich.) turn his special election into a referendum on the embattled Nixon.

Campaign Project organizers (l to r) David Brunell, Anne Canby, Marie Bass, Russell Hemenway . . . and some of the Democratic congresspersons they helped elect.

On Father's Day, think well of the man who always thinks of you.

When the thought is genuine the Scotch should be too.

Dewar's never varies.

DEWAR'S®
"White Label"®

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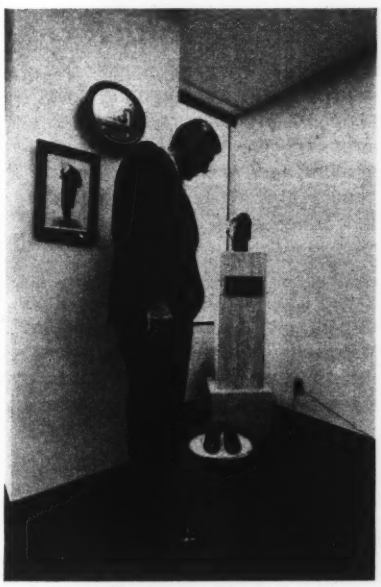
Traxler won in a traditionally Republican district, in spite of a much ballyhooed Nixon visit there.

The Project is getting started 10 months earlier than it did in 1974, and organizers David Brunell and Anne Canby hope to raise $280,000 for 1976. Of that, $80,000 would go to 15 or 20 key primaries, the rest to the general election.

"This time we'll go after both Republicans and Democrats," says Brunell. "With the new limits on campaign spending we'll be out to convince contributers that money spent with us can be 10 to 20 times as cost effective as contributions straight to a campaign treasury."

Reading Reagan

Most of the speculation about Ronald Reagan's future has centered around a fight with Rocky for the vice-presidential nomination or a third-party race for the presidency. Don't be too sure. A recent poll done for the Republican National Committee shows Reagan defeating Ford in 14 primary states, mostly in the West and South but including New Hampshire. (Ford's strongholds are in



Reagan: can he fill the shoes?

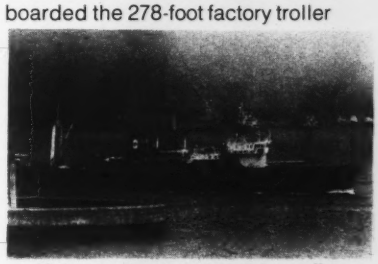
the Midwest and the Northeast.) A Reagan victory in New Hampshire could severely embarrass the incumbent Ford; in addition, the limits of the campaign financing law are expected to work in favor of non-incumbents, who traditionally have less access to big contributors.

A ship off the old block

In the dead of night, the sailors slip out from shore, board the intruding foreign ship just inside territorial waters and tow it into port. For seven days the ship is held under guard, its crew confined on board.

What's next? Do Marines land to rescue the crew? Do fighter-bombers attack nearby oil refineries? Not if the ship is Polish, and the territorial waters are American.

Just after midnight on May 17, in an incident that has received little national attention, American sailors boarded the 278-foot factory troller



Kalmar: shades of the Mayaqüez

Kalmar, which was allegedly fishing inside U.S. territorial waters off Monterey, California.

After extensive argument over the ship's status between U.S. authorities and lawyers representing Poland, the local U.S. Attorney's Office reversed its original decision to confiscate the ship and agreed to let it sail after paying a $350,000 fine.

Coast Guard officials sought to downplay any similarities with the Mayagüez affair in Cambodia the week before. The seizure of intruding fishing ships, said Lt. Gary Beck, "is a recognized international situation."

Selling out

There is probably a bit of the capitalist working in the soul of every good communist. A group of approximately 70 sailors from two Soviet destroyers proved that recently when they went on a 15-minute shopping spree at a Navy exchange in Newport, Rhode Island.

The visit to the Newport Navy training facility was one of a number of sightseeing trips the Soviets made during a six-day stopover in Boston. One tour highlight was to have been a look at the miniature Newport harbor that the Navy uses to teach docking maneuvers. Not quite up our alley, said the Soviets to their U.S. Navy escort. Instead, they asked to visit the exchange, the military equivalent of a department store.

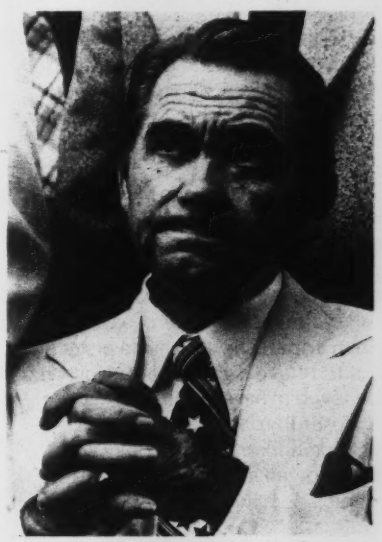
Once inside, the enlisted men hotfooted it for the self-service section of the store. They loaded up with playing cards, American cigarettes (Marlboro and Kool were the most popular) and 98¢ ten-packs of Doublemint gum. "They said they make gum in Russia, but it has no taste to it," explained one somewhat startled saleswoman.

Meanwhile, the officers scattered through the rest of the store. The cosmetic counter sold out of blue eye shadow and did a brisk business in nail polish, perfumes, pens, cigarette lighters and men's shirts. Other officers snapped up $10 pairs of Levis and confided to a saleswoman that the pants would bring the equivalent of $100 back in Moscow. Still others grabbed for anything that resembled contemporary Americana—Coca-Cola drinking glasses and Mickey Mouse T-shirts were big sellers.

Only the senior official in the Soviet group seemed able to resist. Asked by a reporter if he'd bought anything, the officer bristled a bit and replied with clipped ideological purity, "Nyet."

Fake the money and run

The news is now out that George Wallace is running a very expensive direct-mail fund-raising campaign, and that it is being financed largely by credit rather than cash. However, a crucial point has been overlooked: Wallace is actually losing money on his solicitations. According to a well-informed source, the most recent round of mailings cost $1.4 million.



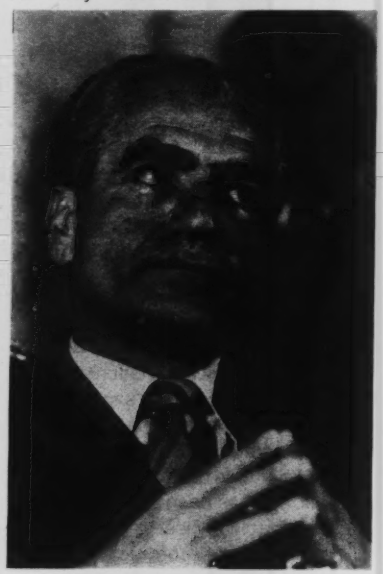
Wallace: mailing failing?

The return is expected to end up close to $1.2 million, leaving a $200,000 deficit. The average contribution has been in the range of $9.50, well below similar marks for George McGovern and Henry Jackson. The result is that Wallace's financial strength, ostensibly unshakable, may be considerably more suspect than the public has so far been led to believe.

SEVENTIES

Going nuts

Mideast oil may be flowing to the U.S. again, but in Iran the Shah has found a new way—albeit less critical—to make



Iran's Shah: pistachio nut

life difficult for Americans. Iran is the world's largest pistachio producer. Some time ago the Shah decided to buy up roughly one-third of the world pistachio crop, and nut wholesalers in New York now say that the crunch is on.

Reports differ on the Shah's motivation. One wholesaler believes it was simply a way for the petrodollar-rich Iranian to spend some of his money. Frank Coussa of the American Pistachio Corp. says the Shah apparently bought the pistachios (called "love nuts" in the Mideast and believed to have a salutary effect on male virility) for Iranian schoolchildren, to whom they are being given away free. Most wholesalers and retailers believe, however, that the Shah is simply trying to force up pistachio prices. And if that's so, he's been successful. In case you haven't noticed, the price of pistachios has jumped as much as 80 percent since the beginning of the year.

Into the closet and out of the barnyards

Oregon has always been zealous about keeping itself pure and unpolluted. It was the first state to ban non-returnable bottles, to regulate land use severely and, earlier this month, to ban aerosol cans. But this recent prohibition seems a bit much:

The city council in the farming town of Stanfield has decreed that if animals are going to copulate, they must do so in private. Owners of animals that fool around in public are now subject to fines not less than $15 or 2 to 25 days in jail.

What drives the rich

The rich are driving scared. Increasingly fearful of potential kidnappings, a number of major American corporations have discovered a new security gambit—training the chauffeurs of their top executives in "anti-terrorist driving."

In northern California, onetime Grand Prix driver Bob Bondurant gives a three-session, $412.50 course featuring such techniques as high-speed cornering, 180-degree spins in forward or reverse and how to turn the pursuer into the pursued.

"The idea wasn't original with me," says Bondurant, who runs the School of High Performance Driving at Sears Point, about 30 miles northeast of San Francisco. "A major oil company approached me and asked me to set up the course. They wanted to be anonymous and so there's been no publicity. But by word of mouth, other companies found out and began sending their drivers to me." Clients have included U.S. Steel, Alcoa and the Bechtel Corporation.

Most of the courses given by Bondurant's school are for would-be road racers, people seeking to learn to drive defensively on the highways and cops out to learn high-speed pursuit techniques. Bondurant jokingly calls his anti-terrorist training sessions "my anti-police pursuit course." But he is quite serious about its value to the chauffeurs (and the handful of executives) who have taken it: "I sure as hell wouldn't want to fool around with a driver who'd been through it."

Gimme shelter

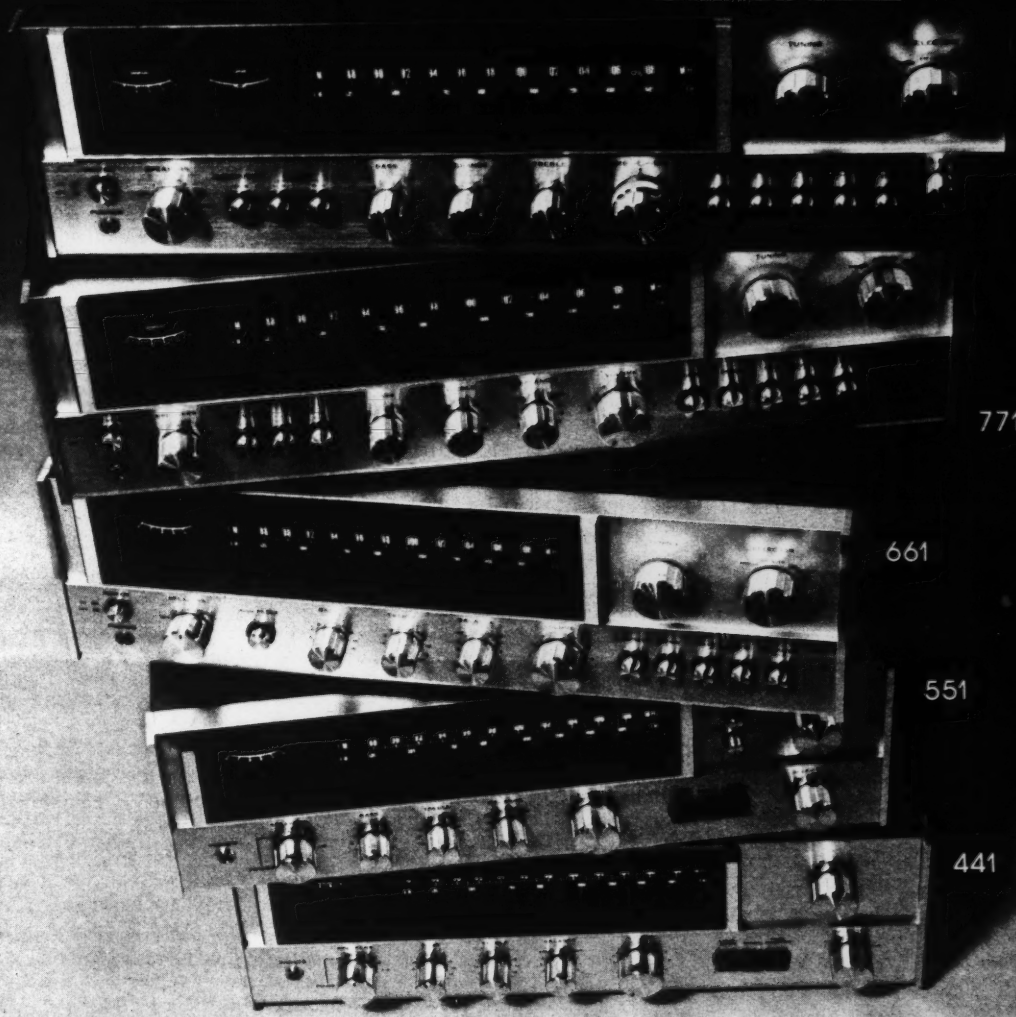
It's a country club for the paranoid, the '70s' answer to fallout shelters of a decade past. For $12,800 in cash and $300 a year dues, it is now possible to become a member of an exclusive doomsday survival retreat in the mountains north of Sacramento, California.

By mid-May, 18 memberships had been sold in the Scott Meadows Club; if all 300 are sold, it could be worth $3.75 million to the promoters. For your money you get a membership card and—in the event of a global catastrophe—a wood-burning stove, 20 pounds of cooking fat and 712 acres of pine-covered mountainside. In return, each member buys and stores at the club a year's supply of dehydrated food.

Prospective members are taken blindfolded to look at the club; its exact location is kept secret. And there is no nonsense about its purpose. Part of the selling pitch is an explanation about how the road to the retreat could

Tops all of ours and all of theirs too

the Sansui 881



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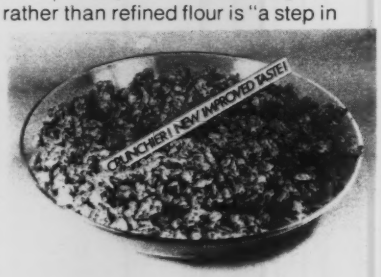
be cut off with dynamite during a crisis. Co-founder Max Hollis sets the club's ominous tone: "I've got gun racks in the back of my pickup truck. I've got a complete arsenal. I'm ready."

Sweet, naturally

Faster than you can say snap-crackle-pop, granola-style natural cereals rose out of obscurity several years ago and are now a major force in today's huge breakfast cereal industry. By mid-1974, granola-style products had captured 10 percent of the $1 billion plus cereal market. Although the rising price of the naturals has reduced that figure to 8 percent, industry executives believe a plateau has been reached.

Surprisingly, perhaps, the new cereals have drawn mixed nutritional reviews. Researchers at Washington's Center for Science in the Public Interest, who have investigated the naturals, say the use of whole grain rather than refined flour is "a step in the right direction." So, too, is the inclusion of natural fiber, believed to be good for digestion. Nonetheless, the sugar content of the name-brand natural cereals generally remains high. As recently as four years ago, when Layton Gentry was credited with selling the first honey-based granola recipe, only three or four small companies made it. Granola was an insignificant percentage of the cereal market when Gentry warned against a corporate takeover: "I think if the big companies get their hands on it, granola may become a bad word."



Rating the naturals

Sure enough, today's industry brands have been measured with sugar contents of nearly 20 percent (still only one-third to one-half as sugary as the traditional pre-sweetened brands). Other critics—including researchers in a controversial *Consumer Reports* study—complain that granola cereals are lower in nutrients than some of their ersatz counterparts. They fed rats selected cereals as their only food and group nutritionally and were termed only "adequate." In addition, they were found to have high percentages of fat.

"Look," said a spokesperson for Quaker Oats, whose 100% Natural tops all natural cereals in sales, "people ask for cereals without artificial additives and vitamins and we give it to them. Then they complain because the natural cereals don't have as many nutrients as ones that are artificially fortified. They can't have it both ways."

THE WORD

Sallying forth

Tough, flirtatious and supremely confident. That was the image of Sally Quinn the media painted when she went to the CBS Morning News as a co-anchorperson last year—and promptly flopped.

Would you believe scared, reclusive and bitterly unhappy? That's the new version of Quinn's disastrous six-month saga—and it's her own. Her new book, *We're Going To Make You a Star*, will tell just how CBS didn't.

Quinn began and ended hating her job. After passing out shortly before the first show, she stayed sick and became a heavy early-afternoon drinker, stopped sleeping, contracted a devastating case of acne and went into virtual social seclusion before limping back to the *Post*. Quinn faults herself for that. Then she takes dead aim at CBS.

So inept was management, for example, that Sally never received any voice training or on-camera coaching, despite the fact that she had almost no previous TV experience. She had to ad-lib on each show for as much as several minutes at a stretch—an unheard-of pressure, especially considering that Quinn says Barbara Walters is unhappy when she has to do 30-second ad-libs at the conclusion of *Today*.

Quinn: don't get mad, get even

Then there was that certain curious light in the studio. No one ever mentioned it to her. Only after several weeks on the show, and only by chance, did she realize it meant she was on camera.

POST SCRIPTS

The case that won't go away (April 18, 1975)

Interest in the Kennedy assassination continues to grow. After reading the *New Times* cover piece "JFK: the truth is still at large," Congressman Edward Koch (D-N.Y.) decided to hold a screening of the Zapruder film for his colleagues. The event was sponsored jointly with Rep. Henry Gonzales (D-Tex.), whose House Resolution 204 would mandate a seven person select committee to reinvestigate all the major assassinations: JFK, RFK, Martin Luther King and the attempt on George Wallace. A second resolution, designed solely to reinvestigate the JFK assassination, was introduced recently by Rep. Thomas Downing (D-Va.)

The only publicity for the film was a form invitation sent to the 435 members of Congress. Such invitations generally draw between 20 and 30 people. In this case a 300-seat congressional caucus room was packed, and the film segment narrated by Warren Commission critic Robert Grodin, was rerun three times to accommodate the overflow.

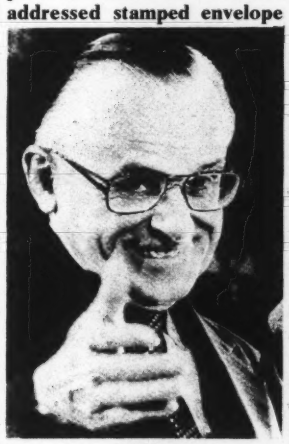
Among the approximately 500 who watched the graphic film clip were members of the staff of the Church Select Committee on Intelligence now investigating the CIA, and approximately 20 members of Congress.

Meanwhile, in Boston late last month, the Zapruder film had what is believed to be its first commercial theater run. It played for a week at the theater, along with Francis Ford Coppola's prophetic film on bugging, *The Conversation*, and assassination critic Mark Lane's 1967 documentary, *Rush to Judgement*.

Depression Daze

PAUL SLANSKY

A & P supermarkets across the nation are encountering what one official calls "significant consumer resistance" to their latest gimmick, "aisle-walkers" who remove groceries from shoppers' carts and restamp them with up-to-the-minute price changes. Two fatalities reported so far, but the program is a real shot in the arm for the plate-glass industry. . . . New York *Times* going tabloid? Rumors persist despite denials from reliable sources who pooh-pooh reports that the latest price increase has cut circulation sharply. . . . Something's not kosher. A Syrian businessman has purchased New York's famous Concord Hotel resort in the Catskills. . . . Glad tidings! Just-released statistics for February place the employment level at a whopping 86.4 percent. . . . **Baskin-Robbins is offering a 10 percent rebate on each cone sold—send receipt and self-addressed stamped envelope to company offices.** . . . The Times Square Emporium, which has had a GOING OUT OF BUSINESS sign adorning its windows for the past 28 years, has GONE OUT OF BUSINESS. . . .



EARL

* * *

Currently all the rage among knowledgeable ghettoites is canine chow, destined to be the nation's next culinary craze. . . . **Hallmark reports that their line of bankruptcy greeting cards has been an overwhelming success. Sympathy cards for economy-related suicides are currently in the works.** . . . **Ralph Nader's** monthly shortage sheet is out again. Start hoarding yellow thread, magazine subscription cards, cantaloupes, sponge dice and the little blue things that go in the bottom of Bic pens. . . . **TODAY'S BEST LAUGH: Treasury Sec Bill (Simple) Simon says a man stopped him on the street and asked for $10 for a cup of coffee. "Why do you need ten bucks for a cup of coffee?" he asked, to which the beggar replied smartly, "I take it with sugar."** . . . The fast-food industry is reeling following the discovery that a famous hamburger chain's "all beef patties" are composed of sawdust (12 percent), recycled cardboard (67 percent) and sand (17 percent)—the remaining 4 percent is all beef. . . .

* * *

Latest magazine merger: *Woman's Day* and *Ms.* . . . Paramount Pictures is already $8,000 over their $236,000 budget for their latest disaster spectacular, *Famine*, currently shooting on location in Kansas. Film's star **Susan Blakely** is down to 74 pounds. . . . **SECRET STUFF: A top economic adviser to the President has confided to intimates that he "hasn't the slightest idea" how to cure the nation's economic ills.** . . . Take my life, please!: The unsightly electrified barbed wire on the Golden Gate is having little effect—victims 984 through 989 went over last week. . . . Progress on the crime front: **Attorney General Levi** declares that while robberies were up 17 percent in 1975, the take from such crimes was down 23 percent. . . . **EARL'S PEARLS: Secretary Butz tells about a man who came up to him on the street and complained about the high cost of living. "You think you've got it bad," Butz laughed. "You oughta talk to the farmers."** . . . Latest disco craze: marathon dances. . . . Ford Administration Swinging Single **Al (Wrong-Way) Greenspan** picking up a few extra bucks as *Playgirl*'s April centerfold. . . .

Who remembers: 15-cent phone calls? 80-cent gasoline? metal caskets? buying a new car? . . . The latest from *Women's Wear Daily:* the Ragamuffin Look is definitely *in* this spring. . . . McDonald's stockholders are receiving Big Mac Gift Certificates in lieu of dividends this quarter. . . . Nothing shocks us anymore. Following in the footsteps of **Bill Miller** is Senator **Tom Eagleton,** who has turned his disastrous 1972 race for national office into a multimillion-dollar contract endorsing Eveready batteries. . . . Are Americans getting hard-hearted? Last week's 19-hour Phlebitis Telethon raised only $2,127. Officials scoff at the notion that their choice of poster boy was ill-advised. . . . Public schools in the Northeast going on a three-day week? President Ford has rejected the states' pleas for $10 million needed to pay for heating the buildings five days a week. . . .

SUSAN

* * *

Henry the K is threatening to quit unless Congress authorizes $20 billion in aid to Southeast Asia. . . . ECONO-QUIZ: Who said, "When more and more men are out of work, unemployment results?" Ans. to yesterday's: Andrew Jackson is on the $20 bill. . . . **WISH I'D SAID THAT: General George Brown says that a man came up to him on the street and said he hadn't had a bite in days. "So I says to him, I says, 'Don't blame me, buddy, blame the Jews.'"**

Fact-Finding Committee Returns from Trip to U.S. Cities

A congressional committee appointed to investigate first-hand the reports of economic hardship in several cities across the nation returned to the capital tonight, with many members expressing "surprise" at what they had discovered.

"It's really amazing," said Sam Steiger (R-Ariz.). "There's people out there who want to work and there's no jobs for them."

Peter Peyser (R-N.Y.) was particularly struck by conditions in Detroit, where the slump in the auto industry has left more than 40 percent of the work force unemployed since Christmas. "Why, it looks like almost half of Detroit is out of work," Peyser told reporters as the group of four congressmen and two senators disembarked from their plane.

Otto Passman (D-La.) was skeptical of the claims of hunger made by those he interviewed on Newark breadlines. "What it comes down to, when you come right

Continued on next page

CBS to Pay Ford $50,000 for One-Hour Show

The Columbia Broadcasting System today announced the signing of Gerald R. Ford, President of the United States, for a one-hour special to be telecast on Monday, April 12, at 8:00 p.m. Mr. Ford will receive $50,000 for his appearance.

Richard Salant, president of CBS News, said that the program will be "a kind of television memoir" that will feature the President "reminiscing over the events of the past few months, and very possibly discussing his personal reactions to the problems confronting the nation."

NBC and ABC each issued statements criticizing CBS for "buying news," an accusation that Mr. Salant denied. "I think it should be apparent by now," he said, "that Mr. Ford has little, if anything, to do with making news these days."

President Ford was last seen on television on January 23, when he officially announced his intention to run for reelection. He was

Continued on next page

"The prisons of our freedom"

By Robert Sam Anson

The country is green and rolling, the days hot and sunny. With the hundreds of khaki tents, the patrolling Marines, the papa-sans and mamma-sans and lissome *cos* in their bright *ao dais*, it could be one of those nameless villages south of Da Nang. All that is missing is the sound of the sky being torn by a round of outgoing. It is the very quiet of the place that brings home the reality: that this is not Quang Ngai but Southern California, and that two blocks outside the camp gate, secluded by walls and guards, lives a man named Richard Nixon. You want to laugh, but you can't.

Back in the old days, when the Marines were dug in at places like Con Thien, and Vietnam was still a place of V hamlets and secure areas, there was a joke about what would happen at the end of a war everyone was sure would never end. We would take "our" Vietnamese, the story went, and park then in some Godforsaken spot like the middle of Utah, and there, in splendid isolation, let the thieves and dope pushers and whores and generals have at each other for the rest of their days. It was a little sick, this joke we told, and, like all of the worst predictions about Vietnam, it has, with a few exceptions of detail, come all too true.

Utah has turned out to be Camp Pendleton, hard by San Clemente. Camp Pendleton and Fort Chaffee, Arkansas, and Eglin Air Force Base, which is situated just outside a little Florida town called Niceville. All else is running true to form. Our Vietnamese are here—150,000 good guys, bad guys and people neither good nor bad but merely swept along in the grand rush—as we knew they would have to be here, when, finally, there was nowhere left to run.

The refugees fled internment, humiliation, "reeducation." At Camp Pendleton, their nightmares are beginning to overtake them

It is as if the whole nightmare is being run all over again. The tent cities being built. The relief agencies moving in. Politicians stopping by to visit. Reporters in jungle suits searching out the grisliest story. Nguyen Cao Ky a national hero once more. The doves saying there is something terribly wrong, but, as usual, not knowing what to do about it. The circle is finally closed. Vietnamization has become Americanization. There are hula hoops and frisbees for the kids and ration cards and Shick shaving kits for the adults, dispensed, tracked, monitored and programmed by a benign computer that watches over all. Once again, the technology is right on. All that remains is the old problem of figuring out what to do with the people.

That is, if anything can be done. The other day, John Eisenhower, Ike's son and the head of the Presidential Refugee Commission, said that some of the Vietnamese would spend the rest of their lives in the camps. At Chaffee the civilian head of the camp did Eisenhower one better. He said that the government would eventually settle the Vietnamese in a kind of "Indian reservation." John Wayne chipped in with an offer to help would-be rice-farmer Nguyen Cao Ky acquire 17,000 acres of Arizona desert. As the Vietnamese ponder that proposal, the

This fruit flunked out of Holland House®.

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But we'd rather their fruit flunked. Than your cocktail.

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government has begun building a "long term resettlement facility." The site, appropriately enough, is a place in Pennsylvania called Indiantown Gap. Only with irony can you appreciate Vietnam.

The reality of the camps like the one at Pendleton, where today 18,000 men, women and children live in tents and Quonset huts, is nothing to savor: thousands of people spilling out of olive drab buses, bone-weary from the 22-hour flight from Guam, immigration papers clutched in one hand, a few belongings in the other. They file through the reception center quietly, many of them bowing slightly as the Marines hand them the three blankets, sheets, toilet kit and green field jacket that are issued to every refugee, general and farmer alike. The blankets and jacket are their most treasured belongings. In Saigon the Vietnamese begin donning sweaters when the temperature dips below 70. In California the cool night air off the Pacific drops the temperature in the unheated tents into the low 50s. Even when the sun is high, many of the Vietnamese will still be clutching their field jackets around them, as they plod off to be fingerprinted, photographed, interviewed and loaded down with more pieces of official paper than most of them have probably seen in their lives.

By the time the first week is up, they have become both more relaxed and more anxious. There is more movement in the camps, more smiles and conversation, the reuniting of old friends. But there is little reminiscing. Only the old women and men can afford to sit in their tents, listening to the cassette recordings of Vietnamese music. The young men, the middle-aged, stand in small knots, drawing on their American cigarettes, gesturing at road maps of the United States and talking of one thing: the future.

It is the camp's obsession. Every conversation, every form filled out, every monotonous day spent in the tent is a step closer to the moment of getting out to the life that lies beyond Pendleton's green hills. A young university student stops a visitor, and, in broken English, the questions come tumbling out: What is Illinois? Is it cold in Washington, D.C.? How much does a car cost? Can I get a job? The answers only produce a look of worry. Finally, he says: "How much longer will you keep us here? This is not the America I know of. I am curious. Past those hills, what is America like?"

That student is the reality, and there are thousands like him, people who, at a fateful moment, chose the wrong side, or had the decision made for them, a

PHOTOGRAPH BY CYI ROBERTS/SYGMA

decision which, inevitably, put them here, worrying about the American future and their own. They were Vietnam's privileged class: affluent, well-educated and English-speaking—doctors, lawyers, professors, journalists, politicians, secretaries, businessmen and officers, people who owned a car in Vietnam, maybe two, and a house and a stereo and a Sony television and the other accoutrements that went with being a friend of the Americans. A few managed to bring their wealth with them. One woman showed up at Pendleton with two suitcases full of American dollars, $1,500,000 in all. Another man had $80,000 worth of gold. Still another woman came bearing $30,000 in a paper bag. Somewhere along the line, however, the lady was separated from her bag, and now she is like nearly all the others, virtually penniless.

Pendleton is the great leveler. During the first week in the camp, an ARVN colonel, struggling to keep some measure of dignity, topped his Salvation Army-donated clothes with an Army cap bearing the insignia of his old rank. He took it off when the people in the camp laughed at him. Others are only to glad to conceal the high station from which they descend. Tran Si Tan, the chief of the hated Saigon police, quickly left the camp after some of the refugees warned him that they would slit his throat as he lay sleeping. Now Generals Troi Bay and Huynh Hui Tay, the bosses of the National Police, whose very names once struck terror in the Vietnamese, hide quietly in their tents, seldom venturing outside. These days, at the approach of a visitor, Tay's eyes widen in surprise, and he draws his bare feet nervously toward him in the classic lotus position. His conversation is punctuated by nervous smiles and frequent giggles. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he seems vulnerable. "I think everyone now forgets the past," he says. "In Saigon, everyone had his duty. I did mine. There is nothing to be sorry about"—including the haste at his departure. "There was a saying in Saigon," Tay says. "When the VC captured the officers of the National Police, they would skin them and use their skins to make shoes. I think," he adds, laughing at his own joke, "that the VC need many shoes."

"I don't know what this gook business is all about," says a young Marine. "These folks seem like real good people"

Torturers such as Tay and Tan are the exceptions. Most of the Vietnamese are like Tang Vinh Tai, a 34-year-old former translator and interpreter who left Vietnam with his wife and six children. Tai, a Chinese-Vietnamese born in the coastal city of Nha Trang, went to work for the Americans eight years ago, knowing, he says, that the day would come when Vietnam would fall and his life would be on the line. Tai's pragmatism is as flawless as his English. "I had a big family. I had to feed them," he shrugs. "The Americans were paying a lot of money. That's all there was to it."

For some, Pendleton is merely the last stop of an exodus that began more than 20 years ago. Nguyen Thi Cam, a Catholic, left Hanoi in 1954 and, with 900,000 others, fled south. Cam and her family settled in Hue, and Cam went to work as a secretary/librarian for the United States Information Service. During the 1968 Tet offensive, the Viet Cong came to Cam's house and arrested her brothers, both low-level government officials. The VC told Cam's mother that the boys would be back in three days. Eighteen months later, their bodies were discovered in mass graves.

Cam and her husband, a university professor, left Hue when the city was abandoned in March. They went first to Da Nang and, within a week, were on the move again, this time to Saigon. On the morning of April 28, Cam, her husband and three children, one of them a week-old baby girl, fled for the final time. Even now, she is not sure she did the right thing. "Sometimes," she says, "I wish we had more courage. If we had stayed, perhaps we would have been killed. But death, however horrible, can only come once. Our children would have lived. They would have had a home. Now they have nothing."

After a time, the stories become depressingly familiar. A hasty departure. An old parent who would not leave. A brother in the ARVN trapped behind the lines. The simple riches, painstakingly accumulated over the decades—all left behind. The reminders are everywhere.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK CHESTER/BLACK STAR

In the office of one of the voluntary agencies, the cables stack up unanswered—inquiries about lost wives and missing children. On a big bulletin board outside one of the camps at Pendleton, more notices are posted. One is from Kansas and asks after a young boy, whose smiling Xeroxed face stares out at the camp. The boy's father is American, his mother Vietnamese. Somewhere, somehow, their son has become one of the last casualties of the war. Other notices, weathered by the sun, tell similar stories. Only the Americans pause to read them.

It is impossible not to be moved by the quiet misery of Pendleton. There are no wounded babies here, no burning flesh, no bombed-out villages; the victims are, in many ways, the least pitiable of the war. And yet their plight seems more real, more understandable, than the hundreds of thousands who suffered far worse. The truth, of course, is that the sympathy springs from classism: the Vietnamese of Pendleton are like us in a way that the Vietnamese of paddies and villages could never be. "It's spooky," says one journalistic veteran of Vietnam. "I keep seeing myself in them. All the faces seem so familiar. I keep walking up to people and asking if we haven't met before. We never have. I only think we have." Unconsciously, the Marines seemed to sense the difference, too. When word came that the Vietnamese were arriving, 500 Marines worked, virtually without sleep, for two days to put up the tents, sweep out the huts and lay in the plumbing. Today, many of the Marines, officers and men, hang around Camp 8's dusty playground, teaching the boys basketball and giving the smallest tots endless rides on their shoulders. For a number of Marines, this is their first contact with Asians; they are too young to have been in Vietnam. "I don't know what this gook business that I keep hearing is all about," says a young lance corporal, pushing a Vietnamese child on a swing. "These folks seem like real good people."

The Vietnamese have only to convince themselves of that. None of them left easily, or, to judge from the embarrassment that seems to accompany the explanations for their choice, wholly con-

"What does a pilot do who only knows how to fly an A-37 and drop bombs on the enemy?" asks the captain. "What job is there for him?"

science-free. Each seems to carry his own private burden of guilt and regret. For some, like ARVN Lt. General Lu Lan, one of Thieu's closest supporters, it weighs more heavily. He is one of the few who dwells on the past, who searches it for what went wrong. Lu Lan can tick off the reasons for his army's defeat like the most practiced American commentator: the corruption, the lack of leadership, the overdependence on the Americans. But there is something special in Lu Lan's explanations; he is a part of all of them. "I will tell you why we lost the war," he says, his eyes glistening. "We lost our nation because of men like me."

There is still a great wonder about the war, not so much about its outcome as about the suddenness of its conclusion. It had become an article of faith, among both the Americans and the South Vietnamese, that, when the end came, there would be, to use Henry Kissinger's phrase, a decent interval, a period when people could make their accommodations and, in the process, eliminate the need for most to flee. Instead, the end came as cataclysm, and the whirlpool sucked down those who otherwise might have survived.

After a month's reflection, many of those who came to America want nothing so much as to go home. There are said to be hundreds of them in the camps at Guam, which, unlike those in the States, are overflowing with farmers and fishermen. There are a hundred more at Chaffee, and several dozen more at Pendleton. A large sign outside each camp announces in Vietnamese and English that those who want to go home will soon be given the opportunity. A few, like Nguyen Ba Huong, a 31-year-old former ARVN medical corpsman, want desperately to return, but, for the moment at least, are afraid to try. Huong was stationed in Hue when the order came to abandon the city. He managed to bribe his way to Saigon with his wife and three children, but, shortly after arriving in the capital, Huong was ordered to Van Kiep, the capital of Phuc Tuy, a coastal province southeast of Saigon. When Van Kiep, in turn, fell, he fled to the coastal resort city of Vung Tau, planning to board a ship back to Saigon to rejoin his family. When a ship hove into view, Huong swam out to it. He yelled to the ARVN officers on deck, asking if they were heading to Saigon. They shouted back yes, and Huong clambered aboard, only to find that Saigon was the last destination the ARVN had in mind. A few days later, he was in Guam and, from there, flew on to Pendleton.

Huong, a Catholic, fears that if he returns to Vietnam now, severe punishment may be in store. He has decided to wait a year, perhaps two years, until, as he puts it, the situation "settles" and perhaps it will be safer for him to return. He talks of working on a ranch in the American Southwest, saving enough money for his passage home. Huong does not venture far from his tent in Pendleton. The Vietnamese who live with him say he spends his days staring listlessly or praying. Late at night, they can hear him crying softly in his bunk.

The odds are that it will be months before Nguyen Ba Huong will be on his ranch. Originally, Pendleton was to have been a brief stopover for the Vietnamese, a "72-hour portal-to-portal operation," as

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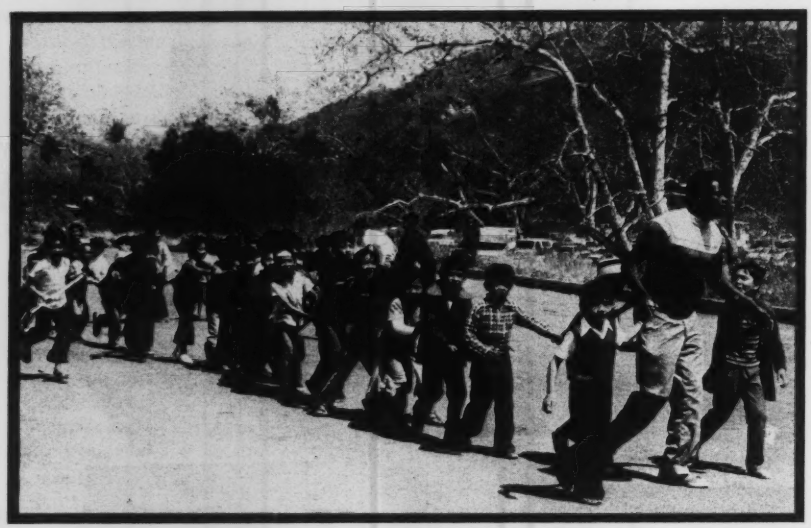
the ever-present State Department briefer boasted. In the beginning, the practice lived up to the promise. Many of Pendleton's first arrivals were dependents of U.S. citizens or, in a number of cases, citizens themselves, and, after a ritual filling out of forms, they were quickly processed out. But as the big C-141 Starlifters brought in more and more human cargo from Guam, the bureaucracy began to step in. The Immigration and Naturalization Service, nervous about the sudden arrival of so many unpapered aliens, called on other government agencies to provide security checks on each and every Vietnamese, many of whom, because of their past association with the U.S. government, had already undergone numerous security clearances. Liberal congressmen, fearing a massive infusion of drug traffickers and war criminals, added to the confusion by demanding still more security clearances. The result was that each Vietnamese arrival is separately scrutinized by no less than five government agencies—the Department of Defense, the FBI, the CIA, the State Department and the Drug Enforcement Agency, which itself is under government investigation.



UPI

While the refugees do include a goodly number of questionable characters, including an estimated several hundred prostitutes, along with petty thieves, corrupt officials and a handful of major drug traffickers, all of whom fall under INS's 31 "exclusionary categories," the security checks are from a practical standpoint virtually meaningless. Washington has already made it clear that no refugee, however horrendous his past, will be sent back to Vietnam. What the checking has done is slow the passage of Vietnamese out of the camps down to a trickle.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK CHESTER/BLACK STAR

Far more serious from the Vietnamese standpoint is the decision to scatter them across the country, to compel them to settle in each of the 50 states. That policy, INS officials say, is prompted by "economic considerations": more plainly put, the severe backlash to the prospect of thousands of Vietnamese competing for jobs, and perhaps drawing welfare, in cities already drained by the recession. Accordingly, there has been a major effort to recruit "sponsors" for the refugees: private individuals, local governments, businesses and civic and charitable groups, who will provide jobs, housing and financial guarantees for the Vietnamese in cities and towns throughout the country. The government has enlisted half a dozen major relief organizations, most of them religiously affiliated, to round up the sponsors, investigate their backgrounds and match them with suitable Vietnamese in the camps.

In some cases the arrangment has worked well. The state of Nebraska, which was searching for doctors to work in rural areas, found an oversupply in the refugee camps. Washington State took 500 refugees and simply pulled the names out of a hat. Individual churches have acted as sponsors for hundreds more, and the State Department is currently negotiating with several large corporations, including at least one major agri-business concern, who are expected to sponsor hundreds, if not thousands of refugees. One Seattle woman, who had lived in Vietnam a year, flew to Pendleton at her own expense, expecting to stay a day and sponsor one Vietnamese girl. She stayed two weeks and brought home 16 people.

Predictably, not all of the sponsors are so selfless. A number of letters, some written in explicit terms, have come in from single men looking for a Vietnamese wife. The idea seems to have caught on with a few Marines. "Steve," a sergeant from Louisville, Kentucky, says: "I'd like to have me a few of them Vietnamese girls. Just put them in a bag and stick 'em in my war locker. Have to be young, good figure, not too bad teeth. The kind that works 25 hours a day. Judge 'em like you do a horse." A number of would-be sponsors have written or called looking for domestics or farm laborers. In at least one instance, a Vietnamese family was placed with a couple who immediately set them to work cleaning toilets. The Vietnamese managed to get hold of Ky, inform him of their predicament, and were returned to the camp.

The system, for all the supposed checks and investigations, fosters abuses, especially as the pressure grows to clear out the camps and make room for new arrivals from Guam. The United States Catholic Conference, which is providing sponsors for nearly two-thirds of the refugees, originally tried to place refugees by Vietnamese family group—not only mothers, fathers and children but brothers, sisters, grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins, in many cases 15, 20 and more. It quickly became apparent that few sponsors were willing to sponsor a family that large, so USCC began insisting that the Vietnamese list their family members American-style: mother, father and children only. By American standards, it seemed a reasonable request. But the tidy logic also struck at the core of Vietnamese culture, with its ancestor worship and utter dependence on the extended family. So strong are Vietnamese family ties that one refugee at Fort Chaffee, a mother who had come out with her

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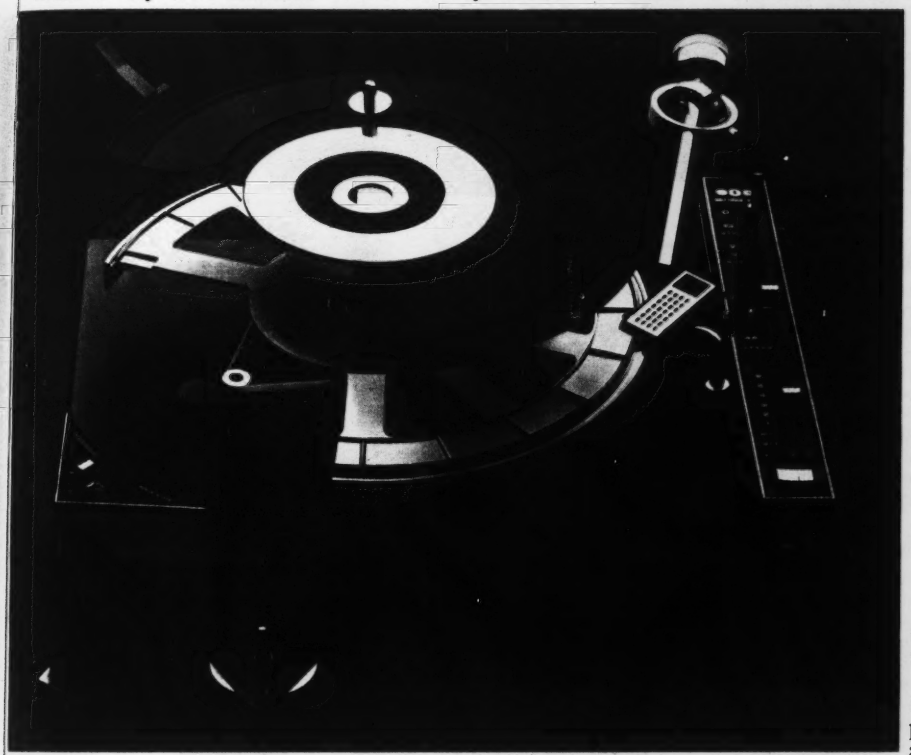

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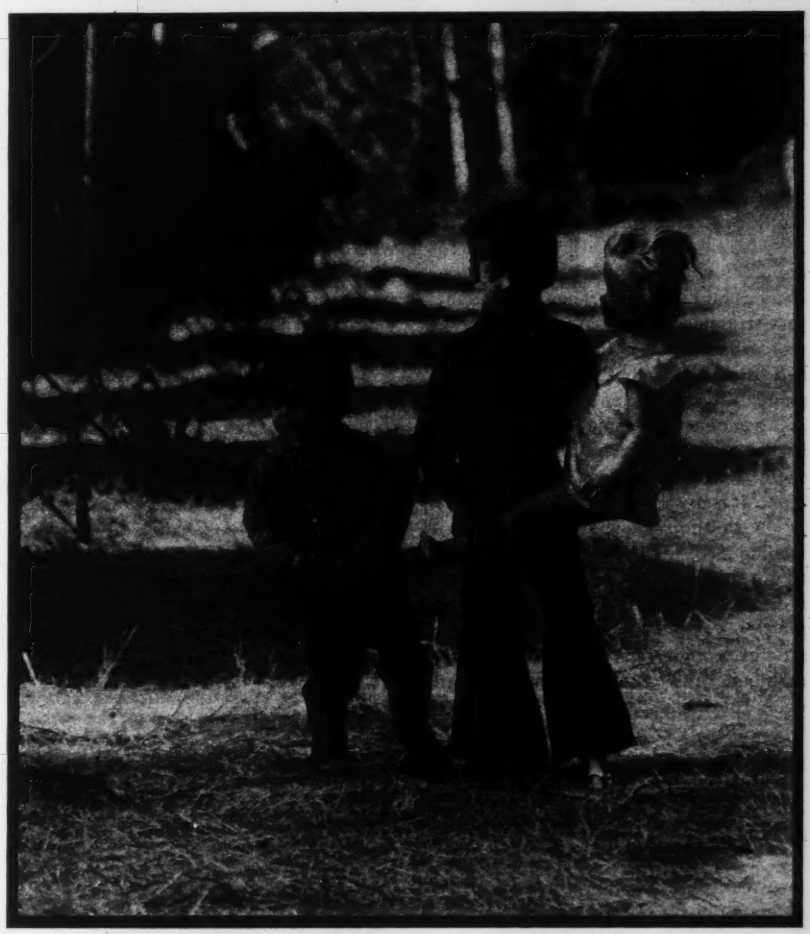
husband and children, is now seeking to return to Vietnam, where she left the bulk of her sisters, brothers, parents and in-laws. "You don't understand us," says Nguyen Thi Cam. "One day, I was upset, thinking of my brothers and sisters and parents in Vietnam. And one of the Red Cross nurses scolded me. She said I had nothing to be upset about. I have my children and my husband with me. But she doesn't know. I have lost my family."

The enforced nuclearization of their families has cast the Vietnamese in an impossible dilemma. For while leaving their families is almost unthinkable, there are other pressures nearly as great. The Vietnamese are keenly aware of the public hostility which has greeted their arrival, as well as their own gloomy prospects on the job market. They are, as Chris O'Brien, assistant project director of the USCC's Pendleton operation puts it, "very nervous about being a burden on us, which makes them anxious to please." That anxiety has already led to the destruction of a number of Vietnamese families, as various relations, hoping to find work, have shipped out to sponsors scattered across the country.

But resistance is mounting. A number of Vietnamese, embittered by the families which have already been split, have refused to sign up with any of the voluntary agencies. Others are planning on staying in the camps as long as possible, on the thin hope that eventually the scattering program will fail and the Vietnamese will be settled in some sort of communal arrangement, either in the cities or on large collective farms. Most, however, are staying, simply because there is nowhere else to go. "What does a pilot do who only knows how to fly an A-37 and drop bombs on the enemy?" asks an Air Force captain. "What job is there for him?"

The answer, of course, is none. A whole world has changed, and the Vietnamese are the ones who have been left behind. Lu Lan, for instance, talks of offering his services to the John F. Kennedy School of Specialized Warfare at Fort Bragg, not realizing that, for now, the United States has fought its last special war. Nguyen Thi Nghai, a member of the Vietnamese Senate and a former member of Thieu's cabinet, hopes to take a position at a major American university teaching Vietnamese politics, a subject that ceased to exist the day Nghai left Saigon. But perhaps the most pathetic figure is that of Duong Minh Dong, a bespectacled professor of law at Saigon University who now sits at a table filled with comic books, old *Cosmopolitans* and *Screen Romances,* scholarly perusing the want-ad pages of the Los Angeles *Times.* Mr. Dong says he is looking for "a suitable position, one which will complement my talents, education and skills." In Vietnam a man of Mr. Dong's age and experience would be much sought-after. In the U.S. the market for 62-year-old specialists in Vietnamese law is limited indeed.



PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM ZIMBEROFF/GAMMA

The Vietnamese are adjusting to the realities of American life, some more slowly than others. Many of his friends, Tai says, came to Pendleton thinking that they would walk through the camp gates and into $20,000 a year jobs. The newspapers, the radio newscasts and the rumors on which the Vietnamese seem to thrive, whether in Saigon or in California, have taught them otherwise. "It will be 20 years," Tai says, "before we can work our way back to our social class." For many Vietnamese, the first shock comes in the temporary PX, where men's socks sell for a dollar a pair. By the end of the war, a single U.S. dollar was bringing up to 7,000 piasters and more on the black market. In Saigon, Cam says ruefully, "I could buy many, many pairs of socks for 7,000 piasters." Crudely, though as best they can, the Vietnamese are learning about their new country. A recent lecture on automobile laws from a representative of the California Department of Motor Vehicles brought several hundred to an outdoor grandstand. One of the Vietnamese asked what would happen if they were caught driving without a license. When the official answered that a fine of $200 was probable, the Vietnamese gasped in horror.

The camp's daily English lessons also draw good crowds, mainly from among the young. The hard, guttural language is a difficult one for the Vietnamese, used to their soft sounds and tonal inflections, to master. Already, though, children run up to visiting Americans shouting at the top of their lungs "hello, goodby, good luck" without seeming to have any sense of what the words mean, only that Americans like to hear them.

It is the nature of the country, though, rather than its language, its economy or its laws, that is proving most difficult for the Vietnamese to grasp. Their experience in Saigon has already taught them that Americans are an impatient, direct people, whereas they are more

soothing, circuitous and less hurried. "They are in for a big surprise," says Bui Van Duong, a 22-year-old student in mechanical engineering at nearby Long Beach State, who comes to the camp to see friends and cousins. "They don't know what a closed place they are coming to. During the holidays in Vietnam, the door of every house is open. People are with each other, visiting. Here, on the holidays, you lock your doors and drive away as far as you can. They will find that very strange." Duong has already found it more than strange. He has been in the U.S. three years now, and his studies are almost finished. When he graduates, he is going back to Vietnam. "I am not afraid," he says. "They will need engineers to help them rebuild Vietnam. My family is there. It is my home."

In the camps, meanwhile, life is settling into a dull routine. With nowhere to go, and little to do, the adults spend much of the day in their tents, lying on their cots as the hours drag by. The tents are never empty, since at least one family member must constantly stand guard over the small hoard of possessions. There have been a number of thefts in the camp, the prime suspects being the young "cowboys" who seem to have been transported from Saigon intact, tight pants, open-chested French shirts, long hair and all. The Vietnamese have set up their own security force to patrol the camps at night, both to thwart the thievery and to discourage prostitution, since many bargirls, too, are among the survivors. Already one person has been discovered smoking opium and a bargirl has been apprehended in the midst of a business transaction with eight Marines in a shower tent.

The old ways are slow in dying. The camp government, elected in a complicated series of steps, contains many of the leading figures of the old regime, among them some of the most corrupt officials. Their methodology remains the same; all that differs is the spoils. Now, instead of raking off privates' paychecks, some of the camp leaders hoard donated clothes. In one tent a group of seven men spent the better part of three weeks shivering as they waited for a bundle of sweaters and coats. When their bundle arrived, it contained seven warm coats all right, but for women. There was also a pair of ladies bathroom slippers for each of them. "Give me a gun and I would kill them," says a young ARVN lieutenant. "They are animals. It is because of these men that we have no country left."

The threats, of course, are idle. Serious crime is nonexistent at Pendleton. When they arrived in America, the Vietnamese were warned by their leaders that if they stepped over the line, they would be shipped back to the Communists. The threat is sheer bluff, but with the armed Marines on the camp's perimeter, so far no Vietnamese is willing to call it.

Pendleton is, in fact, an exceedingly pleasant concentration camp from which there are occasional discharges but no paroles. However temporary, the confinement is real, guaranteed not only by guards but by barriers of language and a welter of immigration regulations that confound not only the Vietnamese but the Americans who administer them. "These are the prisons of our freedom," is how a refugee at Chaffee put it. Politely, the Vietnamese have complained to their hosts about not being able to, as Cam puts it, "go out and look around at America, to see where we want to live, the jobs that we can do." The response is an equally polite denial. For their own good, the Vietnamese are told, they are being temporarily "housed" until the right opportunities can be found for them. As it happens, it is the Americans, not the Vietnamese, who are, just as in the old days, deciding what is best. Many of the choices seem to be based on sheer guesswork. Refugees who have signed on with the Catholic relief agency complain that the American social workers did not even ask where they wanted to live or what job they felt qualified to do or, indeed, even if they were Catholic. The Mormons, on the other hand, carefully interview their charges, ensuring that they neither drink nor smoke nor have any other vices that would offend the principles of Mormonism. Some who have passed muster have already departed for Salt Lake City, Provo and Bountiful, Utah, destinations which discomfort Pennsylvanian Richard Long, who is running the Latter-Day Saints refugee operation. "I feel sorry for the people who are going to Utah," he sighs, "but we trust in the Lord to direct us."

The meals are passed in virtual silence. "It is not pleasant having to depend on a Marine to slop food on your plate three times a day. We are shamed"

While the Lord directs, the Vietnamese in the camp grow restless. Since the beginning of May, more than 26,000 refugees have come through Pendleton's gates and only slightly more than 9,000 have departed, the majority of them in the first few days. Since then, the outflow has averaged slightly more than a hundred per day. "One month more here—the people can accept that," says Han Hu Chi, a former adviser to Diem who now functions as a camp officer. "More than one month and there will be serious problems. We came to see America. No one here sees America."

And so the Vietnamese wait. The tedium and worry increase. The main activity of the day has become mealtime, when the Vietnamese are served, cafeteria-style, a Marine diet modified to include noodle soup, healthy mounds of rice (cooked drier than the American fashion), more pork and chicken and less beef. The meals are passed in virtual silence. "It is not pleasant," says Tai, "having to depend on a Marine to slop food on your plate three times a day. We are shamed. This is a thing we should do for ourselves."

The total dependence on American charity for their every need, from the food they eat to the clothes they wear to the toilet paper they use, is gnawing on the Vietnamese. They are not so much intimidated by their new status as embarrassed. The other day, an American reporter brought a few cosmetic items to the tent of a prominent Vietnamese journalist. The eyebrow pencil, cleansing cream, brush and mirror had cost only a few dollars. And though the Vietnamese professed great thanks at the gift, it was obvious that the favor which he could not repay had deeply wounded him. A barrier had been crossed. His relationship with his American friend had changed unalterably. They were not equals anymore. When it came time for the American to leave, he extended his hand. But the Vietnamese bowed deeply.

There is an ineffable sadness that hangs over Pendleton, like the cool, grey fog that shrouds its hills each morning. The immigrants of old stared out from the archive photos bright-eyed, with looks of wonder and of hope. Their journey across the sea had brought them to a new land. For them, life was beginning. In the camps today, only the children have that look. For the rest, something is ending. "On the plane, leaving Saigon, I thought we were the chosen," says a Vietnamese intellectual named Tien. "Now I know I was wrong. We were the damned." ●

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What makes Abbie run?

By Ron Rosenbaum

Why is he pulling this stunt anyway? Has Abbie Hoffman gone completely out of his mind? Here he is claiming he's "the safest thing going" in the fugitive world, that his plastic surgery transformation is so complete he can haunt the public thoroughfares of America looking at the world through the eyes of an outlaw and the face of an anonymous innocent. Perfect freedom. He's having the time of his life, he's engaged in serious underground political organizing with a close knit family of "comrades," he's married and could have been living happily—and quietly—ever after.

Then he goes and does this. A magazine and TV spectacular filled with intimations of connections with the organized and explosive-prone Weather Underground, hints of possible kidnapping schemes, and throughout it all the implicit and explicit taunt to the FBI—OK, here I am on television, come on and try to catch me.

"Is there some part of you that likes the hide-and-seek part of being a fugitive?" I asked him during the TV taping.

"Yeah, well, you know that old story: 'Run run run/Fast as you can/Can't catch me/ I'm the Gingerbread Man.' "

"Yeah, so—"

"You know how it ends?"

"Well don't they—?"

"They gobble him up, that's what."

Who's running this show

So are we to conclude that this whole underground TV show, months in the planning according to Abbie, was just a daredevil stunt to get him a place on the Ten Most Wanted List and let him live out his Bonnie and Clyde chase fantasies, a bid for the media attention he secretly misses despite all his claims of the pleasures of underground anonymity?

Abbie wants to get the word out: the people in the underground know what they're doing and they've got some very ambitious plans

If your answer is "Yes, all of the above," try answering this question: What about the seven to ten other people involved in carrying out the carefully planned and professionally executed underground meeting? Some of them, Abbie said, were also fugitives. Would they risk their freedom just to give Abbie's ego a boost? The others were part of an aboveground support system for fugitives. Would they risk one to five years in jail (the sentence for harboring and concealing a fugitive) and the collapse of that network? Would they show their faces, even their disguises, to two reporters they had no reason to trust ("As far as they're concerned," Abbie told us, "you guys are pigs"), would they encourage us to take notes on everything they did just for some kind of Yippie goof? Or was there something in it for them, something important enough to make it worth the risk? I think there was. Abbie may have been the star of the show, but there were other people who were doing the producing, the directing, the sponsoring and finally, it seems, the censoring.

I first began to wonder about who was calling the shots during the first scary moment of the experience.

Abbie was in the middle of telling me about his second worst mistake as a fugitive (he refused to reveal the worst), the time he lost his address book in front of a police station, when there came a knock on the door behind us.

Abbie heard the knock but kept

on talking. He was responding to a question I had asked about whether he saw himself continuing to be an underground organizer for the rest of his life, would he end up an elder statesman fugitive at 60, presuming he wasn't caught.

Abbie (who is 38) was launching into a denunciation of the bourgeois concept of age ("Age has no real meaning in a revolutionary movement. I think it's something insurance companies dream up to balance their books. People don't seem to age who remain politically active. . . .") when the knocking returned again and then again, louder each time. By this time I was beginning to get a little knock-kneed from all this knocking, so I asked Abbie to see what was going on behind the door.

Behind the door was another door leading into a second room in the puzzling anonymous structure we had been transported to by Abbie's underground associates. The five of them who had shown their faces to us stayed behind that second door while the TV camera was rolling. There were two more of them behind the door, according to Abbie, "security" people who were "too heavy" to allow themselves ever to be seen by us, even in disguise. One security person was posted as a lookout in an outdoor phone booth, Abbie had told me, and one waited behind the door in case of trouble. "They were committed to our protection," Abbie said. "They weren't gonna throw their hands up if the police entered our perimeters. Far from it." That's what scared me about the knocking.

Abbie opened the door on our side and spoke to someone who had opened the door behind the door.

"Excuse me," he said turning back to us, "it's John Mitchell." Very funny, Abbie. I could hear some insistent whispering from behind the door and Abbie replying, ". . . Something could happen. . . . What? Oh they, oh somebody should come and be with them. Okay," said Abbie turning to us again, "we're gonna take a little ten-minute break."

"Is this anything to get nervous about?" I asked, getting nervous about it.

What dead men don't tell

"I don't know," said Abbie, "I just do what they say."

That's what he said. Not the usual Abbie Hoffman attitude toward authority. Who were "they" and what did they say?

One of them came through the double doors, the woman who called herself Marilyn, the one who had driven the van that "kidnapped" Michael Shamberg and me and delivered us blindfolded to this room. Marilyn made me more nervous. She was chain-smoking, watching us distrustfully as if we were about to make a break for it, and ruthlessly reapplying the prim career-girl cosmetics that were her disguise, or disguised her disguise. It began to look to me like things were coming to a premature end, one way or the other.

It wasn't quite like that, but when Abbie returned he did have something to say about the people looking for him: "If they were gonna be coming they would've come already," he said. Then he went on to say something about his expectation that if he's ever captured, no matter how peacefully, his captors would try to kill him and claim it happened as he was trying to escape: "I'm not trying to be dramatic, but I think that anybody would believe that I ran away—you know, dead men tell no. . . tell no tales."

What these melodramatics obscured, however, was what the people behind the door wanted with Abbie. Had someone been approaching their "perimeters"? Or were they listening to the taping through the walls, or on a concealed microphone, and had they called Abbie back to discuss a breach in security or ideology in something he'd said? One thing was certain. They had given him a time warning to pass along to us: "We have roughly about two hours more to rethink whether it's advisable to stay any longer." I had the feeling that the thinking and rethinking would be done by the people behind the door.

If he's captured, Abbie expects they'll try to kill him and claim it happened as he was "trying to escape"

Getting high with a little help from the Party

The next interruption was less puzzling, but it revealed more about Abbie's relationship with the people behind the door. Another knock. Abbie disappears through the door and the door behind the door, reemerges with trays full of sandwiches. The dainty white bread sandwiches are pinned together with those tiny toothpicks with the cellophane fringe on top. I could not imagine the revolutionaries behind the door sticking the little fringed picks into sandwiches, so I assumed one or more of them had gone to some sort of take-out delicatessen. I couldn't help recalling the scene in *Bananas* in which Woody Allen takes his guerrilla band out to forage for food, takes over a take-out deli and takes out 20,000 individually wrapped bags of pastramis on rye. *"White bread!"* Abbie cries in mock complaint to the people behind the door. "Why the fuck you get white bread—they're Jewish," he says as he sets down the sandwich trays.

Food is not all that's available from the people behind the door. I had sensed some puzzling kind of strain in my first 40 minutes or so talking with Abbie and I always found I could relate to him better when we were both high, so while we were eating our white bread sandwiches and Abbie was eating the bagels he ordered I asked him if there was anything to smoke around. "Great stuff," says Abbie. "There's two kinds to choose from. Both get you high but one doesn't give you the munchies." He goes to the door, says something, and like magic two well-rolled joints come sailing out from behind the door.

I began to wonder why these people behind the door were being so accommodating. I had the feeling that if I had requested a dry martini with an olive they would have served that up just right too.

At the end of the food break Abbie returned from another quick consultation with the people behind the door, and as he clipped his mike back on to continue the interview he said, "Hey, Ron, make it more political. I tend to go too much ego, you know." Maybe the political people behind the door had scolded him on that point. Or maybe, after partaking of the food they provided, he felt it was only right he should do a little singing for his supper.

Lost in the hot sea

Abbie gives two somewhat contradictory accounts of who the people behind the door really are. In the course of the video-taping he implies that he hardly knows them, that they're a separate cadre from his own political "family," that he called upon them because they're experienced and skilled at the task of clandestine transportation of people. He says he was able to enlist their logistic help in this project without even telling them what it was all about ahead of time. "This was set up on a standby alert. They didn't know what it was, only that I might be needing

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them for a project. They're professionals . . . essentially you don't tell people what they don't have to know."

But a few weeks after the interview Abbie sent me an audio cassette tape, and in his discussion of how the whole production was set up he indicates in several ways that the professionals knew "what it was" and were in on the planning of his show from the beginning.

He describes arguments among various people in the people-moving cadre over where to hold the rendezvous, arguments which would presume prior knowledge of the stunt whose consequences they were calculating.

The place they finally chose was somewhere within a two-hour drive of the San Francisco airport (their van picked us up at the Sacramento airport but dropped us off that night in San Francisco), just about the hottest area in the country in terms of fugitive hunting with no less than three underground organizations all active in the area—the Weather Underground, the SLA and a relatively new group that specializes in sabotaging power stations, the New World Liberation Front. It was riskier setting up the TV taping there, they reasoned, but less risky once it was over. "We felt that in a place where there was already a lot of heat that we'd get lost in the hot sea, so to speak." Had he and this outside cadre chosen some area with less "heat," Nebraska say, publication of the story and broadcast of the show would give the Justice Department and the FBI license to "start dragging loads and loads of people before a grand jury," using the fugitive hunt to harass every known radical in a state where each and every one is known, leaving the locals behind to face the consequences of Abbie's act. But in the "hot sea" around the Bay Area there are still enough radicals to make even the most industrious grand jury shrink from the task of sifting them all.

There were also arguments within the underground about who to get to do the interview. "There was quite a lot of sentiment to get somebody else" (other than me) to do the on-camera interviewing, Abbie told me on the audio cassette. "A lot of people wanted somebody more politically sympathetic that they could control easier."

And they discussed other TV offers before agreeing to go with TVTV, he said. Abbie claims he received an offer from a network to do an interview, an offer which he describes as less than Haldeman's famous $25,000 but more than the $3,000 he received from TVTV. He decided against a network show, Abbie said, "because I didn't have the expertise" to maintain the security that kind of project would require. He refused to name the network, he said, "because I still might want to do it someday."

From Abbie's description of these detailed advance planning consultations I had the feeling that the people behind the door considered the thing as much their show as Abbie's. Both Shamberg of TVTV and I felt they were monitoring the interview. We could hear intermittent bursts of laughter and occasional giggles from behind the door, and while funny cigarettes might have had something to do with it, the big laughs seemed to come when one of us would ask a question which reflected particularly conspicuous naiveté about the workings of underground life.

The floating canasta game and the pay phone party line

Yes. The workings of underground life. How do they decide who goes where and bombs what? Do they all convene in curtained vans for Weather Underground "Appalachian conferences"? How do they keep in touch and out of sight? Not long after the food and smoke break, Abbie did a bit from a comedy tape he made about fugitive social life. It went something like this:

Hey! Who's that?
Bernardine, it's you!
What are ya doing on my tape?
Your tape recorder's broken?
No I don't know how to fix it, I majored in liberal arts.
Bernardine, I got a message from Mark!
He wants to know if you and Patty want to come over Friday night for canasta.
No not cannisters. *Canasta. I don't know, maybe it's code.*
Bernardine, what do you do about split ends?

He had planned to send this tape out to radio stations the way some Weather communiques are released, but " the party, the organization, said no," Abbie admitted a bit ruefully, an indication that underground party discipline might involve restraints not totally dissimilar to the censorship overground media often imposed on his most inspired comic gestures.

Well, if the organization isn't some kind of floating canasta game, what is it like? From the way Abbie described it and from my limited experience it seems more like one big pay phone party line.

"I've always had a list of phone booth numbers in most every city in the country and I knew people I can rely on. I have phone booths. They have code names."

About a week after I returned to New York City my phone rang and a woman in a thick put-on Southern accent said, "Hi, this is Harlow. Do you know what this is about?" I knew that the cadre that had brought us to the underground meeting with Abbie called itself Harlow. Ms. Harlow told me to bring a pencil and paper—and no recording equipment—to the southeast corner of Tenth Avenue and 38th Street at 1:00 p.m. I wasn't sure whether to expect another blindfolded ride in a van or what, but on the stroke of 1:00 I was at that bleak corner of the garment district wondering if the wino in the doorway was an agent for one side or the other when the open-air pay phone started to ring. I picked it up and found Ms. Harlow drawling greetings. I assumed she also was calling from a pay phone because our extended discussion of disposition of video tapes, notes and the story itself was punctuated on her end by recorded demands for further nickles. Over the next two weeks these negotiations continued in various pay phones, to which I was directed all over Manhattan. The last one was the most revealing, not for anything Ms. Harlow or I said but because of the person in the phone booth next to me. As I sat talking with Ms. Harlow in my phone booth, in an obscure part of a large subway station, a large Puerto Rican woman entered the booth next to me, opened up a shopping bag and started removing rolls of scrap paper, each scrap covered with columns of figures. She dialed a number, started reading off numbers and it finally dawned on me that she was a numbers runner calling into her bank. It occurred to me that all outlaw undergrounds have certain things in common, and one of them is the centrality of pay phones.

"Could the fugitive underground survive without pay phones?" I asked Abbie during the taping. "That's interesting, that's a good question. Yes and no," he hedged. "We operate in an electronic jungle, you know. We're electronic warriors to an extent, so of course it's very important, but we'd survive."

Try your hand at cracking the code of the Weather Underground

If somebody took all the pay phones away, they'd still have the U.S. mail, although not if the U.S. government could help it. The underground has been able to devise some kind of mail drop and code system which has thus far been able to baffle the FBI and the Justice Department for five years. Evidence of how successful this mysterious mail routing system has been comes from the FBI itself in the person of Mr. Larry Grathwohl, the only informer ever to infiltrate the Weather Underground.

The nightmare for what's left of the Left is that they'll end up like the 70-year-old corporals in Chiang Kai-shek's army

He didn't last long—just 90 days—in the hectic first three months of 1970 as the Weather organization was descending underground piecemeal. There are those who dispute whether Grathwohl was ever accepted *all the way* underground by the so-called Weather Bureau, the central committee of the underground. But Grathwohl does have the distinction of being the only known informer to come under suspicion, endure a marathon "acid test" and survive with credibility intact. (In those frantic first days of 1970 when the Weatherpeople split up into four- and five-person "foci" linked by the pyramidal structure they had learned from reading Carlos Marighilla's *Mini Manual for Urban Guerrillas* and from watching the *The Battle of Algiers,* many collectives reportedly made it a practice to go through searching 48-hour group acid encounters that sought to break down all barriers, reveal all hidden feelings. It was presumed that in this acid intimacy no informer could mask his other identity. To some extent it worked. The Bureau had very few informers who were willing to risk the consequences of revealing themselves in the middle of an acid test—back then it was widely believed that if everybody took enough acid nobody could fool anybody. Grathwohl did. He survived the acid test and went on to testify before Grand Juries and to get most of the Weather Bureau indicted on bombing conspiracy charges (which were later dismissed because of the government's refusal to disclose "national security" wiretaps on them.)

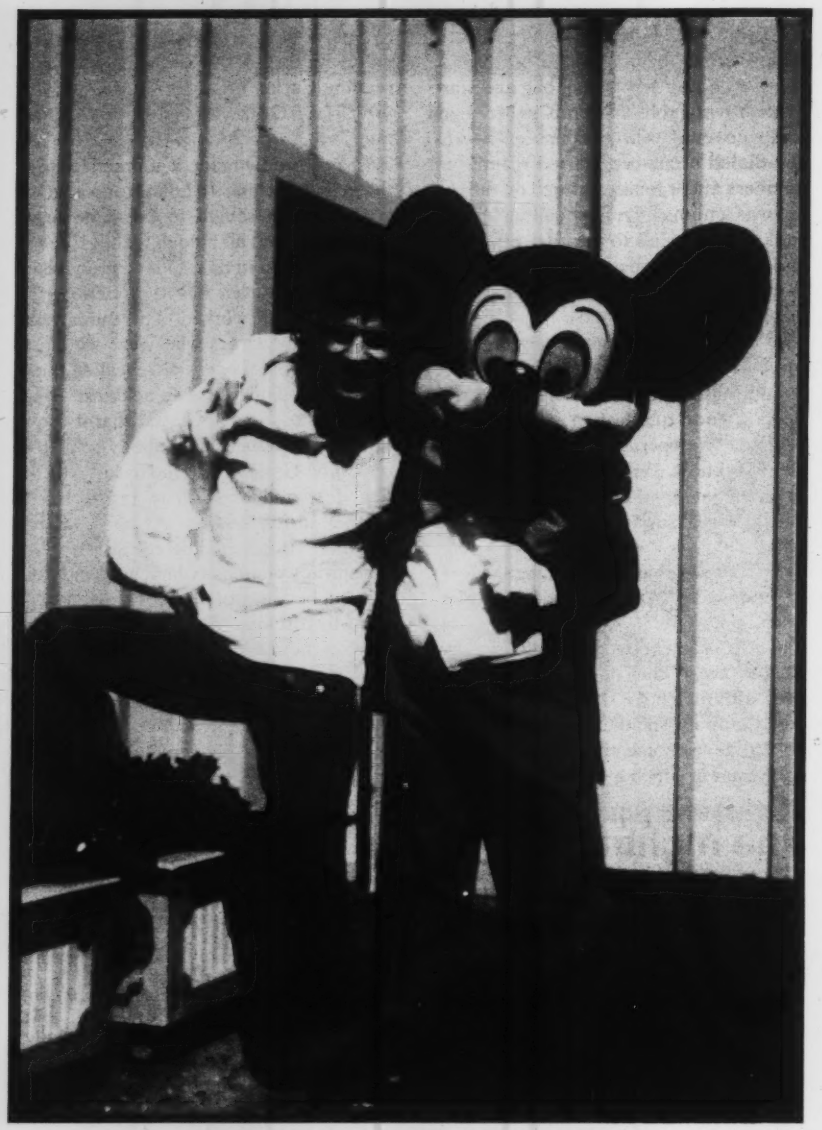
After he surfaced, Grathwohl became the FBI's only source of information about underground communication techniques, but his very success at acid tests may have had unfortunate consequences for his ability to reconstruct them in all their complexity.

Listen as he tries to explain the underground coding system to the Senate Internal Security Committee in testimony released early this year under the title "Terroristic Activity Inside the Weatherman Movement":

"It was mostly substituting letters and numbers . . . and especially telephone numbers. That is to say that if I took my last name and wrote Grathwohl and wrote it out Grathwohl, OK that would be the basis for the code and the numbers on the dial that corresponded with the numbers of the letters in my name. For instance, A for apple is the No. 2 on the dial, right? So underneath A for apple would be the No. 2 so that—"

"Well so is B for boy and C for Charlie," observes committee counsel Jay Sourwine, alert to the ambiguities of the phone dial.

"Well that's true too," concedes Grathwohl, "but what we do is take the telephone number and we give it a—OK, we've got the—the name is written out and the number of letters in the right, and each letter is numbered in a chronological sequence. Underneath the name we put the number that corresponds to the letter on the telephone dial. OK? What I do if I want to give you the number, I will give you the number of a letter in chrono-



Abbie Hoffman supplied the photographs which accompany these two articles. They raise a couple of interesting questions. For instance, is the Abbie in this photo wearing nose putty and a wig? And even more interesting: Did Abbie venture out to Disneyland, the heart of aboveground America, for this rendezvous with Mickey Mouse?

logical order—right?—so the number could come out 2679. Then when you decipher it you write the name out, do the name thing, set up the base and then take the number underneath the letter and in chronological order at the top and you can get the numbers in the proper sequence."

That's the easy part, of course. It's getting the letters delivered to the right people at the right places under the right code names that requires the greater ingenuity. The ability of the Weather Bureau to schedule "actions" and develop a party line from a dialectic maintained among unlinked cadres is an achievement that has to be respected considering the man hours, money and immunity the Justice Department has squandered trying to figure it out.

The only kind of contact that is limited by the conditions of underground life is person to person. Meetings between friends in different underground families are so infrequent that Abbie's had to develop a whole new sense of time.

"Underground time is different from aboveground time," he told me. "When you're underground you learn that time moves spatially. I might make a meeting with you—let's meet April 4, 1976, at 10:00 p.m. You be at the phone booth. . . . That's like saying to you in New York I'll see you Friday night after the movies. . . . I expect you to show up . . . not that I haven't been stood up, but you know it's like being a teenager, you get stood up and you make mistakes and you learn patience."

Growing up underground

Patience. Learning from mistakes. Those are not the virtues that immediately leap to mind when someone mentions Abbie Hoffman or the Weather Underground. But the fugitive experience has made converts of them both. Mistake number one for the Weather Underground was something they later came to call "the military error"—the kamikaze-like determination to prove their commitment to revolutionary violence before they learned how to build bombs the right way. A block away from my apartment there's an empty lot that's remained vacant since March 1970, when three of the best, brightest and most impatient Weatherpeople died doing it the wrong way. The townhouse explosion "forever destroyed our belief that armed struggle is the only real revolutionary struggle," Bernardine Dohrn wrote in the heavily revisionist "New Morning" Weather communique. They haven't repudiated revolutionary violence, but they concede in *Prairie Fire,* "We made the mistake of de-emphasizing the importance of mass movements, political as well as military struggle."

Mistake number two, they concede in the fascinating "Self Criticism" section of *Prairie Fire,* might be called the acid test error. "In the course of preparing for armed struggle in 1969 we began mistaking friends for enemies. We applied the strictest standards of willingness to risk everything. . . . We attacked those who could not come along the whole way, sometimes just because they were not ready to support everything we said and did." I'm quoting heavily from *Prairie Fire* because I think the prose style reflects how far they've come down from the fiery, exclusionary arrogance that alienated so many of their friends on the Left when they were getting ready to go under.

They've grown a lot. By learning to trust people who are still aboveground they've been able to establish a very efficient and very secure aboveground support system. "That's why fugitives don't get caught," says Abbie. "Because there's a heck of a lot of people who are willing to put themselves on the line—which is a sentence of one to five . . . and there are

loads and loads of those people out there willing to risk it and everybody knows it, and they know it, and that's a great sense of security."

The fugitive support system is an organizing tool, too, one of the last left in the '70s. Back in the '60s people became radicalized, became "movement people," after they got beaten, gassed or jailed together and helped each other out during and after the experience. Now, with no freedom rides and no antiwar demonstrations, harboring/concealing/supporting fugitives and their activities is one of the few occasions in which shared risks and defiance can give people on the aboveground Left that heady sense of being part of an active threat to the state, a sense that organizing a rent strike just cannot supply. And once the Grathwohl acid test forced them to develop their instinct and judgment about whom to trust, their judgment has been flawless. In the last five years there has yet to be a single betrayal.

As for patience, well, the entire Weather Underground spent a whole year drafting, then circulating, then redrafting and recirculating—four times in all—the manuscript of *Prairie Fire,* the book they meant to sum up their first four years of experience underground and the new ideology that grew out of it. "A cycle is done,"they wrote when it was finally completed.

Advertisements for themselves

The underground printing and distribution of *Prairie Fire* in May 1974 launched what seemed like a concerted effort to start a new cycle. By the time of the 1973 Vietnam ceasefire, most of what was left of the Left aboveground had withered away, and it began to look as if the radical hard core of the late '60s might just grow older and more isolated from succeeding generations. The nightmare was that they'd end up like the pathetic 70-year-old corporals in Chiang Kai-shek's "army of return."

The *Prairie Fire* campaign was consciously intended to spark a renaissance on the Left from below, "to stir the imagination, promote leaps in confidence" and get them some recognition and influence.

The red and black 150-page book suffers from being written to be read by an audience familiar with the hermetic rhetoric of sectarian Marxist polemics; but, directly in certain passages, between the lines in others, it speaks with the authority of people who have had the courage and imagination to defy the FBI and create the kind of underground radical organization that has never before survived in the U.S.

Yet outside the Left (where *Prairie Fire* distributing committees and *Prairie Fire* study groups have received the book with some evangelical excitement) neither the book nor the continuing phenomenon of the Weather Underground has had much impact. Weatherwomen have just published a book of their poems. They send tape after tape of themselves singing and reading poetry to radio stations. They've started a quarterly magazine called *Osawotomie,* also published underground. But despite all these efforts, nothing was getting across the barrier to the mass audience they seemed to want.

It may have had something to do with talking only to themselves for too long, or speaking to the outside world only on cassettes recorded in hiding.

"I've made a lot of tapes underground," Abbie told me. "I've done audio tapes, I did a singing fugitive tape . . . but when I listen to them, no matter what

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my mood was, it sounded isolated and lonely."

And then to top off the frustration of not getting across, Jane Alpert turned herself in last fall and got mass attention for her downbeat picture of the bleakness of fugitive existence and her hostile, occasionally snide account of her contacts with Weather Underground figures.

This is where Abbie's TV spectacular scheme began to fit in with the needs of the people behind the door and the rest of the fugitive underground. Abbie has always had a talent for transforming radical analysis into popular myth. With *Revolution for the Hell of It* and *Woodstock Nation* behind him, he was ready to move on to *Underground Nation* or *Fugitive for the Hell of It.*

"The media and the FBI delight in putting out that it can't be done, that it's a lonely life, that you're sneaking around from back door to back door and hiding in a pent-up room, and I felt that this myth had no application to my condition and those of most of the fugitives I've met, so I felt something had to be done to correct that media image," he explained.

Everybody likes a good old-fashioned chase. By flaunting himself on TV Abbie was offering himself as a kind of bait to the FBI. If they decide to go after him, the huge hide-and-seek game will have the visibility of mythic proportions. If the FBI fails to get him, the failure will illustrate for a mass audience what the Weather Underground has already proven to the FBI itself. They can't be caught. If they do catch him it will be humiliating and worse for Abbie, but the underground will go on without him.

Just the fact that Abbie was able to pull together the TV taping and come across with some recognizable flashes of his old sense of humor meant much to some people. After watching Abbie on the screen, one prominent radical figure said, "What the show means to me is that there *is* an underground, that it's real, that the people are good at what they do and that they've created a place you can be comfortable in and be yourself if it ever becomes necessary to go there. Abbie was still Abbie."

The Sheboygan incident

Or was he? Some people who had known Abbie as the freewheeling anarchist who disdained party discipline and party rhetoric found it disturbing to see Abbie acting like—as they saw it—a disciplined mouthpiece for tired and stilted Marxist slogans.

And at times Abbie could sound uncharacteristically gushy in his role as self-appointed *Prairie Fire* press agent, however impressive the book is. "This is the most important book ever written," he said at one point. He went on about how "the form is perfect . . . the pictures are good . . . it's incredibly comprehensive." He spoke of a 30-page review he's written of *Prairie Fire* and his ambition to translate it for 10-year-olds. (Some might say that's just what he was doing.) He conceded unabashedly that his TV appearance was in part "an ad campaign for the book."

But as happens with all big ad campaigns he ran into a few problems with his sponsors. After we were blindfolded and driven to the San Francisco airport that night, it's my understanding that several key underground leaders were "flown in" from somewhere to view the video tape of the interview before it was released to TVTV. According to Michael Shamberg of TVTV, the underground people decided that he would have to delete three small bits of tape before he would be allowed to keep the whole thing.

"What Abbie's show meant to me," said one radical figure, "is that the underground is real and that you can be comfortable in it if it ever becomes necessary to go there"

Two of the deletions had to do with security—a wig shift that they thought revealed a glimpse of his real hair, a mention of his new underground wife they thought better left unmentioned and finally the shoe salesman from Sheboygan.

Now I wouldn't have given the Sheboygan passage a second thought (although it was not deleted from the audio cassettes I was sent) had the underground people not decided to make such a big deal over deleting it, which caused Shamberg to speak of it in his TVTV documentary, which led me to reflect further on it. It was the only silly move the underground people made.

Abbie was describing his new belief in the virtues of collective discipline and bureaucratic party building work when he conceded he was having some trouble adjusting to it. "I guess I was never cut out to be a shoe salesman from Sheboygan," he said.

The underground people demanded that the Sheboygan passage be removed, presumably because it reflected a certain contempt for a segment of the working class. Well, maybe it did, maybe it was politically "incorrect," as they used to say, but it was a correct picture of Abbie struggling with the transition from his romantic anarchist past to what he believes can be a future as a "good communist." But deleting that, substituting "correct" political thinking for personal truths, is just the kind of thing that gives "good communists" a bad name.

Abbie is looking for a party. That's what he calls the ultimate aim of all the underground work he and his friends are doing—the formation of a genuine communist party in America. And in thinking about how that's going to happen, Abbie has worked out a peculiarly American twist to Marxist/Leninist theory which finally allows him to reconcile his old media celebrity status to his new communist party building aspirations. Here's how it goes. He sees his day-to-day work as building an active underground, doing "research" into the complex craft of surviving underground. "If the police state is intensified as I see it, as it was in Chile, people who are involved in any kind of protest, people like Ralph Nader and Gloria Steinem are gonna need help, they're gonna have to know how to do it. . . ." They're gonna need phone booth numbers.

On the next level, above the underground he and his political "family" are engaged in "cadre building," which seems to mean uniting people aboveground, belowground and in the middle for getting specific tasks done—from running rent strikes to blowing up buildings.

The final, highest level of organization, one as yet unreached, is the formation of a new communist party in the United States embracing all cadres from the underground up. Getting this communist party off the ground—that's where the celebrities come in.

"America is built on individuals—the collective, cooperative, getting-together, organizing sort of thing is as foreign to us as it is natural to the European experience," he explains. "You couldn't name 10 revolutionary figures in Europe but you can name 10 parties. In the U.S. you can name 40 or 50 celebrities but how many parties."

He names some celebrities. "No

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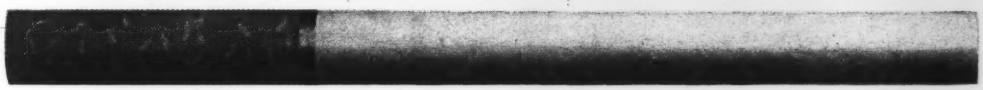

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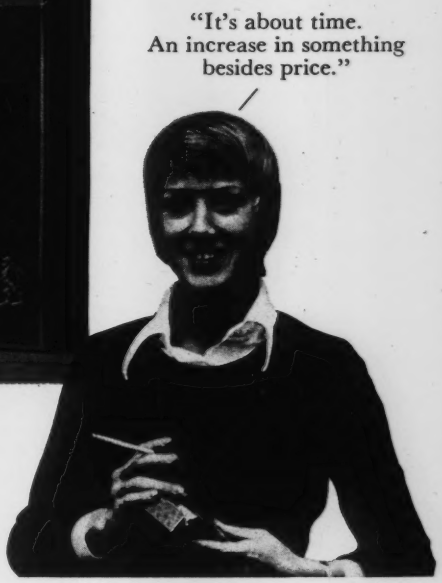

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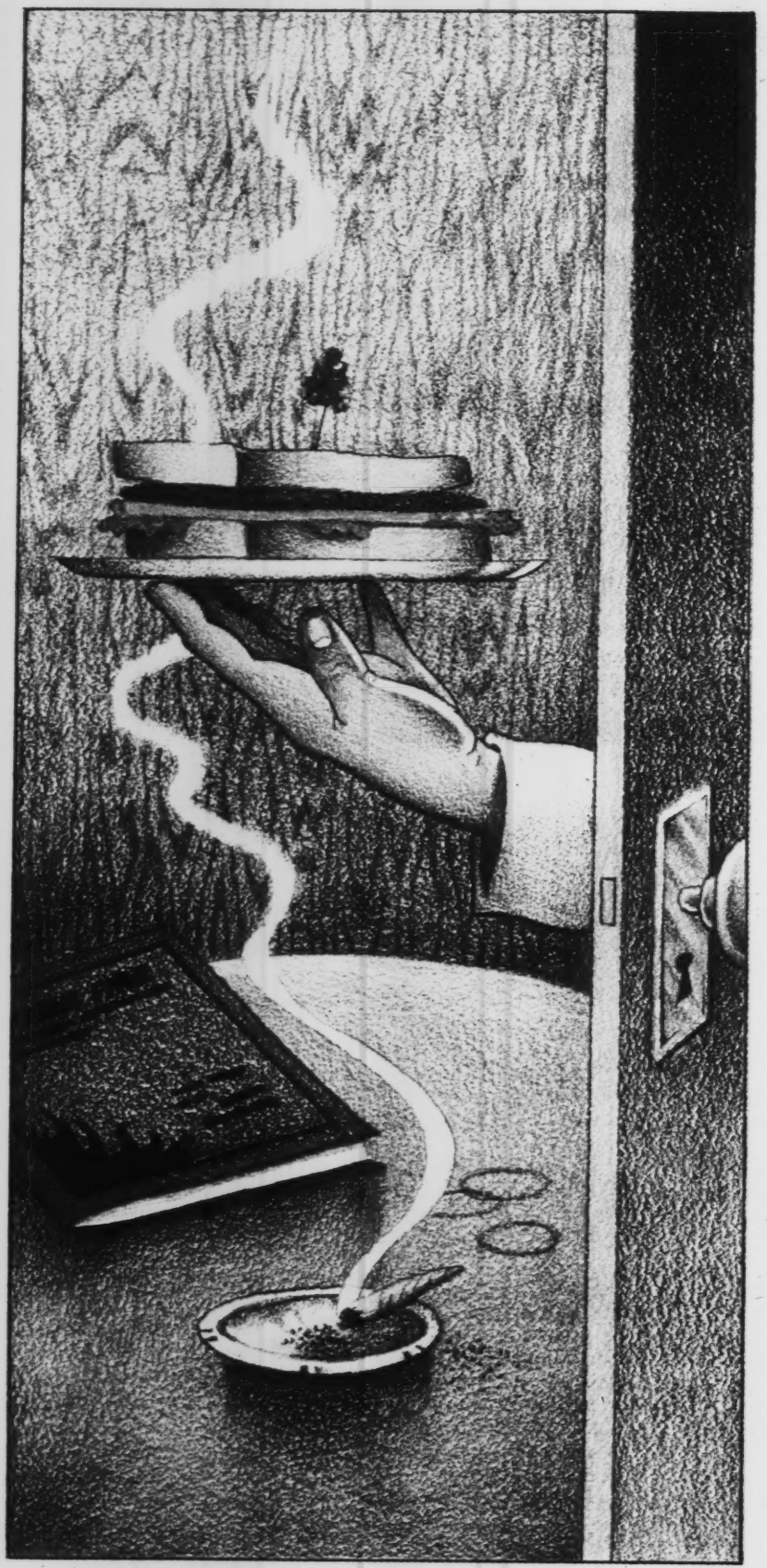

one's gonna tell me that Dr. Spock isn't a communist if Pablo Picasso was a communist; you know that Jane Fonda isn't a communist and Vanessa Redgrave is a communist, that Dave Dellinger isn't a communist if Jean-Luc Godard is a communist . . . and I think it's important for these individuals to come out and say they're communists."

He's doing it. And because he's a celebrity, according to this interesting line of reasoning, it means more for him to say it, it's more of a contribution. All that celebrity charisma he's been hounded for and made to feel guilty for suddenly has some positive use. Underground he's learned to believe in the value of leadership again, after almost being driven out of the overground movement for being too conspicuous a leadership figure. And most daring of all, he even comes out in favor of (healthy) ego. "I don't believe in the destruction of ego," Abbie says. "I just think it's got a bad press."

A Phantom and a half

There are a few things he still misses from his past life. His children. His wife. His old habit of making eye contact with strangers on the street. The ability to launch himself into reckless Yippie adventures on the spur of the moment.

An instance of this loss came up in the middle of a long explanation of his new views on the Middle East (very pro-Palestinian now). Abbie suddenly broke off and said, "You know, if it were like the old days what I'd do was fly over to Jerusalem, make some pro-Palestinian speeches at the universities, get myself kicked out, go to Cairo and the Arab capitals, meet the Palestinians, come back here and . . . ."

Not the kind of spur of the moment lark a fugitive can afford. It sounded to me like he missed it a bit. I asked him if he'd ever thought of going to Jerusalem and applying for citizenship there under the law of return, the way Meyer Lansky did (albeit without success) when he was wanted in the U.S.

"Nah," Abbie said. "I don't think they'd let me in either. They'd figure it would cost them too much to offend the U.S. government over me. I figure I'd cost them maybe a Phantom and a half."

"So do you miss not being able to do that Jerusalem tour, getting kicked out, Cairo and all that?" I asked Abbie.

"No," he said. "Well, someday when the underground art reaches a high enough stage I'll be able to make that trip anyway." He brightens. "Next year in Jerusalem." ●

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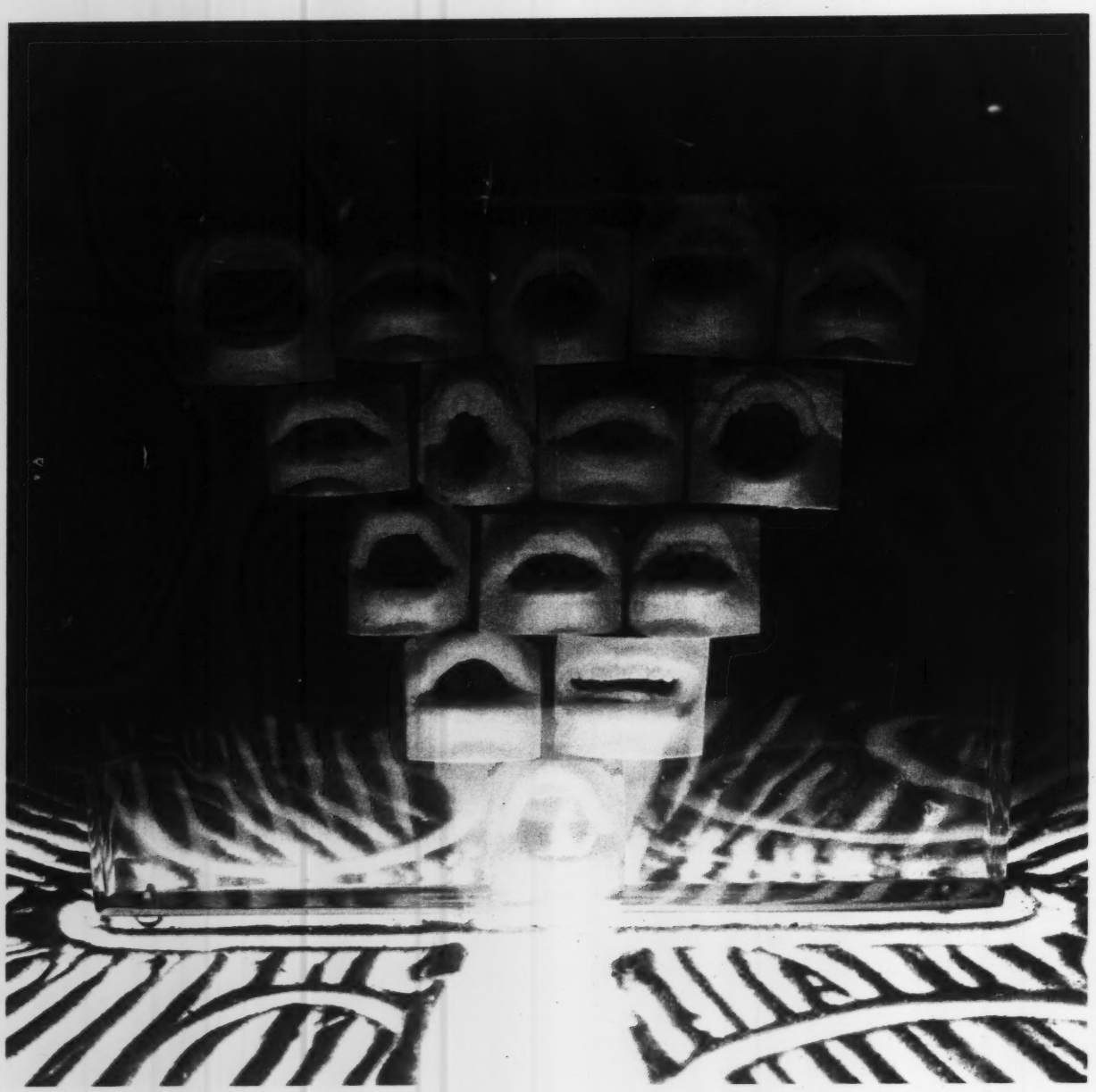

SCULPTURE BY NICK ARISTOVOLUS PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRY LEE SPRITZER

Now that the managers outnumber the managed, the country has become top-heavy with administrators clinging to authority. Can we demanage America?

THE EXECUTIVE EPIDEMIC

By Richard Cornuelle

When Elliot Richardson left his job as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, he gave a kind of farewell address. It was a message of total despair. He said: "There is an increasingly pervasive sense not only of failure, but of futility. . . . The legislative process has become a cruel shell game and the service system has become a bureaucratic maze, inefficient, incomprehensible, and inaccessible."

This was not Robert Welch talking or even George Wallace. This is a manicured "liberal" Republican from Boston widely respected for his composure and good sense.

He was talking about the most generously financed welfare agency ever assembled in the history of the world, with 109,000 employees and a luxurious budget of $81 billion. The department, in his informed view, was not working.

The New York *Times* did not consider Richardson's valedictory very newsworthy. It was a little six-inch story buried on page 39. The paper gave much more elaborate treatment, including some pictures, to the news that Yale freshmen had gotten their breakfast in bed on the morning before. And the *Times* news editor was right. Ten years ago Richardson's lament would have been big news, with headlines and weeks of follow-up. But times have changed. What Richardson said was not news. Everyone knows HEW doesn't work.

A few weeks before, George Romney had resigned his job as Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. The efforts of his department to build more houses and make cities livable had, he said, failed massively. The federal presence in housing was, Mr. Romney said, "a 100-billion-dollar mistake." And a larger price must still be paid. Mr. Romney figured that a $17,500 apartment, built under the most recent federal programs, will cost the taxpayers between $108,358 and $141,854 over the next 40 years.

This sense of the failure of federal programs by the men who manage them is becoming universal. Jeffrey Schiller, the head of the Office of Economic Opportunity's research department—which once fairly bubbled with new schemes to fight poverty—says, "Right now, we're kind of looking around for ideas."

Intellectuals, once almost universally confident that a great society could be federally engineered, are spending their energies documenting the failure of federal programs. Even the Brookings Institution says grudgingly that the Great Society programs, many of which were hatched at Brookings, were "not particularly effective."

The sense of failure has reached all American institutions, and the agenda of urgent public business has continued to swell.

The air is getting dangerously poisonous.

The cities are collapsing.

The police can't keep the peace.

Business can no longer produce things that work.

The health delivery system is not delivering health.

We are running out of fuel.

The trains don't run on time.

Our money is rapidly losing its value at the same time the economy is dangerously slowing down. Thirty-six percent of the people believe we are heading for another Great Depression.

The problem is this: authority isn't working the way it once did.

We have traditionally relied on authority, in one form or another, as the basis for our marriages, for rearing our children, for teaching them, for organ-

izing our work, for running our railroads and, particularly, for the conduct of the public business.

Authority has taken its strength sometimes from plain naked power, more often simply from tradition and convention. But whatever the source, most of our institutions are essentially authoritarian. Marriage has been based on the authority of the male partner. Families are built around the idea of parental authority. Schools are kept in order by the authority of the teacher. Businesses are built around the final authority of the boss. "The worst thing that can happen," says Phillips Petroleum Corporation President William Martin, "is to have an employee that doesn't fit. A corporation has to have regimentation in order to run."

We have been, for better or for worse, an authoritarian society. And now, suddenly, it isn't working anymore.

Authority is built on subordination. People must be willing to accept subordinate roles, limiting definitions of themselves. And Americans everywhere are becoming insubordinate, unmanageable.

At the turn of the century, Frederick Winslow Taylor, the prophet of "scientific management" and the godfather of all the hated time-study men, believing that people liked to be used efficiently, reduced production line tasks to an absurd, deadening simplicity. But Taylor's premise is obsolete. People will not be used.

And that isn't all. The world has changed. And change has brought with it problems of an order that simply can't be solved by authoritarian methods.

Marshall McLuhan believes we are now living "200 years per annum." "When you are moving at that clip," he says, "there is no place to stand. No job or organization chart will contain you. No management can hold its own at electric speeds. It is like putting a Model T on a highway at 100 mph. It breaks down."

The obsolescence of authority has created a new American dilemma of historic proportions. Because, while it is clear that authority doesn't work anymore, we also believe that the world won't work without it. The apparent alternative to authority is chaos. Authority seems to be indispensable and unworkable at the same time.

After Elliot Richardson renounced HEW as unmanageable, he didn't go home. He went to the Pentagon to "run" a bureaucracy ten times bigger. The situation is Dadaistic. Richardson, a methodical man, tells the press the Department of HEW doesn't work. He carefully packs his portfolio, and is driven across town in a Cadillac to run the Department of Defense. One can imagine Peter Sellers playing the part and whistling on the way.

Richardson's behavior was sane and insane at the same time. It is beyond rational analysis. It will not compute. Bureaucracy doesn't work, but we cannot leave the nation undefended. We face a choice we cannot make.

And this is a special case of an emerging universal. We must choose between two equally unacceptable alternatives: (1) we can let the country go to hell, or (2) we can continue to try to fix it with methods we all know will fail. So we have programs and presidents no one wants.

The press chose to call Nixon's victory in 1972 a landslide. But in spite of the most vigorous effort in history to get people to the polls dead or alive, and on a clear day from coast to coast, nearly half the nation stayed home. It was, if anything, a landslide for apathy, a historic victory for political indifference. It was as if we had listlessly elected a caretaker until our complaints could be more precisely diagnosed.

One way to deal with the unconscionable is to laugh it off. A literature of light-hearted resignation has become popular. *Parkinson's Law* and *The Peter Principle* were best sellers.

Washington *Post* columnist David Broder writes that we are "confused about what we want from government, and so we contrive to give our public servants such conflicting signals that they can do anything they please—or nothing at all."

In January 1973 a Gallup poll showed that 54 percent of the public favors holding down spending for social programs. The next day a Harris poll showed clear majorities favoring more federal spending for pollution control and education, and to help the poor.

We live with the illusion that America is run by its front offices. The president, we say, runs the country. Abe Beame runs New York. Henry Ford runs the Ford Motor Company. The reality is that these elaborate structures do not run the country. They only seem to. We believe in a myth, that America works because it is managed. The opposite is much closer to the truth. What works in America works in spite of the expensive, elaborate and increasingly destructive efforts to manage it.

Right now there are more managers than producers in America. In 1950, according to Karl Hess, 14 million people in America were working in the front office as clerks, managers, officials or proprietors, and 22 million were doing real work. By 1970 the front-office establishment had swollen to 21 million and the number of producers had dwindled to 18 million. In other words, the managers now outnumber the managed.

The number of people who escape management by working on their own has declined drastically. Twenty years ago there were 5 million self-employed people in America. Today there are only a million.

Front-office America sees unmanaged America as a stubborn, shapeless, unruly mass that must be endlessly molded and motivated—managed. Unmanaged America calls front-office America "the Establishment" and hates it for its dishonesty and arrogance and presumption.

The superstition that America works because the front office manages it is reinforced every day by what we read in the papers.

When George Romney was Secretary of the Department of Housing and Urban Development, he spent millions on a program he called Operation Breakthrough, a search for ways to build houses cheaply in factories—the way cars are built. Long before Operation Breakthrough was conceived, hundreds of thousands of houses were being built in factories. They had to be called "mobile homes," and ceremonial wheels were attached to them, to evade prehistoric zoning and building-code restrictions. But they were houses. They were built in factories. They were a lot cheaper than handmade houses. And millions of Americans were happily living in them while Romney was talking breathlessly to the press about Operation Breakthrough.

The American press is a front-office press. It reports America as if what is remarkable about society are the efforts to manage it. The more remote and authoritarian an institution, the more likely the press is to report its activities exhaustively. As a result, we are strangers to our own society.

The press gives more space to the intentions of authority than to the accomplishments of unofficial America. It outrageously overreports politics and thus perpetuates the illusion that political action is our principal engine of change and reform.

A couple of years ago Congress established a Commission on Product

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This piece is excerpted from Cornuelle's book, De-Managing America, *published this month by Random House.*

Safety and appointed a commissioner. Suddenly, product safety was news. The new commissioner got luxurious coverage when he announced simply that he was going to seek news coverage.

For nearly a hundred years, thousands of people, working through a couple of dozen independent organizations—Underwriters Laboratories, the American Fire Protection Association, the American National Standards Institute—have been dealing with product safety with a rare persistence and imagination. Thousands of standards have been developed, millions of tests conducted. This less official activity was hardly ever reported. The press discovered product safety only when the federal government decided to manage it.

When President Kennedy announced that he was going to form a Peace Corps and send a few hundred young people overseas, the event and the subsequent activities of the Peace Corps were reported exhaustively. At the time Kennedy made the announcement, at least thirty-three thousand Americans were working abroad as volunteers doing the same things in the same countries that the Peace Corpsmen were then only talking about. I never saw a word in the daily press about this unofficial effort. Overseas volunteering did not become real to the working press until it became official.

But the most serious problem is not so much bias as defective, selective vision, and an obsession with authority. The problem is largely inherent: gathering news from movie stars and people in power is a comparatively effortless business. Authority performs for the press. The front office is desperately—sometimes exclusively—concerned with appearances, and with the perpetuation of the management illusion.

The first question in the halls of authority is "How will it look?"—by which is meant "What will the reporters say about it?" Then the press dutifully reports as news what the front office has already decided would be news. It isn't a conspiracy, exactly, but it works like one.

The practical business of society seems to need management. It is fairly easy to see how natural selection works in nature. Innovations that work survive and flourish. Innovations that are impractical for one reason or another simply fade away. But the selection process in society is not so clear. The idea of letting human diversity flourish without discipline seems, on the face of it, insane.

How can the efforts of millions of entities that make up American society add up to a national overall result unless they are managed? Yet unmanaged America is a powerful reality, with its own mysterious metabolism. And once in a while we can see it working.

Most big organizations have elaborate and expensive "official" communications programs. They also have an unofficial grapevine. Keith Davis, an Arizona State management professor, has found that the grapevine works better and faster. In fact, Davis says, "organizations would perish if they did not have a grapevine to fill the gaps existing in the formal communication system."

Systematic studies of positive social processes—invisible hands—are surprisingly rare, but the few which have been undertaken have produced solid, useful information.

In 1955 Harvard sociologists Carle C. Zimmerman and Lucius F. Cervantes compared successful low-income families with less successful ones. They used as their principal indicator of success the ability of families to keep their children in school past the compulsory age. They studied more than 50 thousand families, some rural, but most in inner cities. They isolated the successful families. They found that families succeeded when they were able to surround themselves with a protective network of close friend-families with highly similar values. The researchers called this phenomenon a kind of "natural social psychiatry." It was not contrived. It was, they said, a useful "social invention" which families discovered and used unconsciously as they sought to adapt to the disruptive circumstances of urban life.

"No management can hold its own at electric speeds. It is like putting a Model T on a highway at 100 mph"

At about the same time, Professor John Jewkes and two research associates studied the process of invention in much the same way. They did not accept the conventional wisdom that invention necessarily came from large research installations established to invent things. They studied successful invention without any institutional prejudice. Their study demolished the accepted proposition that the day of the lone inventor had passed. Jewkes found that invention had much more to do with attitude and atmosphere than with organization, that overorganization could thwart inventiveness.

In 1972 Dougal Robertson, his wife, three young boys and a young man they had picked up in Panama were traveling around the world in the Robertsons' yacht *Lucette*. On June 15, 200 miles west of the Galápagos Islands, the *Lucette* was attacked by killer whales. It sank in less than a minute. The Robertson party made their way toward Central America in a rubber raft—which soon sank—and a tiny fiberglass dinghy. Thirty-eight days later, when they were picked up by a Japanese fishing vessel, they were all in reasonably good health and only a little off course, having traveled 750 miles without charts or instruments.

Robertson's *Survive the Savage Sea* is his story of that experience and his analysis of how they made it. The manuals and most of the official survival equipment they found in the raft were nearly useless. Instruction books, he writes, "are great morale boosters, causing castaways to fall about with laughing. . . . The successful castaway will devise means to survive which no textbook can prescribe for him."

"The spirit of comradeship is a far more important factor in survival than any imposed discipline," Robertson continues. "The system of self-rationing we used for saving water was much more successful than imposed rationing could have been."

The Robertson family's survival was *technically* impossible—it could not have been managed. But they survived on unexpected reserves of determination and resourcefulness and love. They survived as if they were guided by an invisible hand.

These glimpses of unmanaged invisible processes begin to form a kind of pattern. They reveal the elemental error of management: management must exclude and ignore the very human qualities a society most needs to stay alive. Because these qualities are not subject to precise and permanent definition, they are beyond management. You can command a man to turn a nut on an assembly line, but you cannot command him to be creative or concerned or resourceful.

Management reveres efficiency. But efficiency alone doesn't make a society keep working. What is needed is agility and adaptability.

A growing society looks messy. There is trial and error, growing and groping, trying and retrenching. A dying society, on the other hand, can look very orderly. Archaeologist Stuart Piggott

writes that Mohenjo-daro and Harappa, twin capitals in an ancient Indus empire, worked with a "terrible efficiency." They produced gigantic quantities of bricks and stone weights. They produced so many identical pottery cups that Piggott thinks it may have been the custom to drink once from a cup and then break it. But these twin cities somehow lost their capacity to adapt. And in time they died. Efficiency alone does not guarantee survival.

Consider Robert McNamara and his "whiz kids." He added the rhetoric of efficiency to the operation of the Defense Department, but the cost of maintaining the military establishment rose enormously during his tenure. He may well have been the most irresponsible of defense chiefs in the short history of that office.

Furloughed businessmen in government tend to lead government into new pastures of profligacy because their hyperactivity is unchecked by market necessity and because Congress tends to be less critical of them. Roy Ash's diligent efforts to make government work better were a flop. Businessmen were deeply involved in the Nixon administration's program to promote black capitalism. It has failed utterly.

Management which manages by specifying *behavior* is dehumanizing and inefficient. Management which manages by specifying *results* is emancipating. It opens to all the possibility of inventiveness and resourcefulness. It is a way of depoliticizing the management process. It is highly productive, because it tends to release the full potential of people, rather than some predetermined and necessarily deformed fraction of that potential.

More and more companies are experimenting with demanagement, either for individual employees or for small groups of employees. One such experiment is in a General Foods dog-food plant in Topeka. The work force is broken down into teams of ten, each with a group leader. The leader presents goals. The workers decide together how the goals shall be reached. The smell of authority has largely disappeared. Workers can take any parking space in the lot outside the plant. None is reserved for "management." There are no time clocks to punch, no rigid lunch hours to keep in segregation.

It works. Absenteeism and turnover at the Gaines plant are low. Productivity is a third higher than in comparable "managed" plants.

"Our assumption," says Edward Dulworth, who arranged the experiment, "was that people are concerned, trustworthy and will respond to responsibility. Our aim was to create an environment that would let them use these qualities. The guts of the thing is that each man has autonomy to decide how we're going to do things." The key word is "how."

If this tendency to demanage continues, the distasteful trappings of authority—the executive men's room, pretentious titles and the rest—will in time disappear. Some people, according to ability and inclination, will have more responsibility than others. But everyone will have essentially the same *kind* of responsibility. A new kind of elemental equality will prevail. A company will become an association of equal specialists. Some will specialize in steering the company. Others will specialize in translating these decisions into quantified guidelines for the rest. But no one will boss anybody else. Authority, in the sense we now know it, will disappear.

In Scottsdale, Arizona, the fire chief wears a business suit. He probably doesn't know it, but he is an accidental pioneer of a revolutionary change in the way legislative bodies all over the country are handling the public business. He works under contract to the Scottsdale City Council.

A growing society looks messy—growing and groping, trying and retrenching. A dying society can look very orderly

There is, of course, nothing new about governments contracting out some of the work they do. Most cities, in effect, "hire" a fire department to put out fires and a police department to keep the peace. What's different is that whereas most cities pay a fire department to repeat certain procedures that are assumed to be effective, Scottsdale pays a business to *get a result.* It doesn't say how. It is a small difference with enormous consequences.

This technique, which most people are beginning to call "performance contracting," is becoming the basis of the fastest-growing industry in America.

I haven't seen the Scottsdale contractor at work, but I understand he has introduced a generation of pent-up fire-fighting know-how in a handful of years. He found out, first of all, that fire trucks are the wrong color. Only black is less visible at night than fire-engine red. His trucks are a luminous yellow. He sensed, too, that fire trucks should be fast. The ones he designed are compact, maneuverable, fast-moving. He discovered that most houses burn down while firemen are looking for a hydrant, even though most fires can be extinguished with a portable supply of water. His trucks carry their own water, and in an amount carefully calculated to meet almost all his requirements. Fire engines, for some forgotten reason, are laden with expensive chrome. His are not. His employees wear white coveralls and yellow hard hats. They work at other things between fires, eliminating the deadening waste of waiting for fires to start. He gets much better results much cheaper. He is not a genius. It is only that Scottsdale has discovered how to manage without manipulation. He isn't hired simply to repeat traditional procedures. He gets his instructions in a way that welcomes and rewards workable innovation.

Performance contracting is emerging first where you might expect it last—in public education. A growing number of school districts are contracting with commercial educational organizations to run all or parts of their systems.

This is only the beginning. The boards of nearly 60 public and private hospitals have contracted their management to business firms in the last four years. Hospital Affiliates, the largest of the contract management companies, signed their first two contracts in 1971. By mid-1974 they were operating 29 hospitals, 16 of them governmental. Quality is maintained by twice-a-year tests of 200 separate aspects of each hospital's performance. Every departing patient is surveyed, as is every doctor practicing in every hospital. Service is better, costs are often 25 percent less. Hospital Affiliates doesn't have to sell the service. They are getting 10 to 20 inquiries a week from conventionally operated hospitals.

More and more parks, owned and "governed" by states or counties, are being operated by private companies. More than half the policemen in the country are on the payrolls of private protection companies, and firms like these are supplying contract police service to a growing list of towns and cities. Cities are hiring private companies to provide ambulance services, make building inspections, collect the garbage and run the buses and subways.

We can expect the use of this method in operating prisons, mental health facilities, parking lots and a hun-

dred other government functions. But there is one essential precondition for the expansion of performance contracting. Government must learn how to order. It must learn to describe the results it wants *precisely*. But this, it seems to me, is what governments are for.

So there are signs that America is demanaging the public business.

The idea of accountability is ascendant. Tenure is under attack. Doctors are defrocking colleagues who make people sicker. Were this process to continue, the specific consequences are unknowable, but certain general results are predictable. There would be massive shifts in the distribution of responsibility among America's institutions. The federal government would in general have much less responsibility; independent organizations would have much more. Private companies would deliver the mail and collect the garbage.

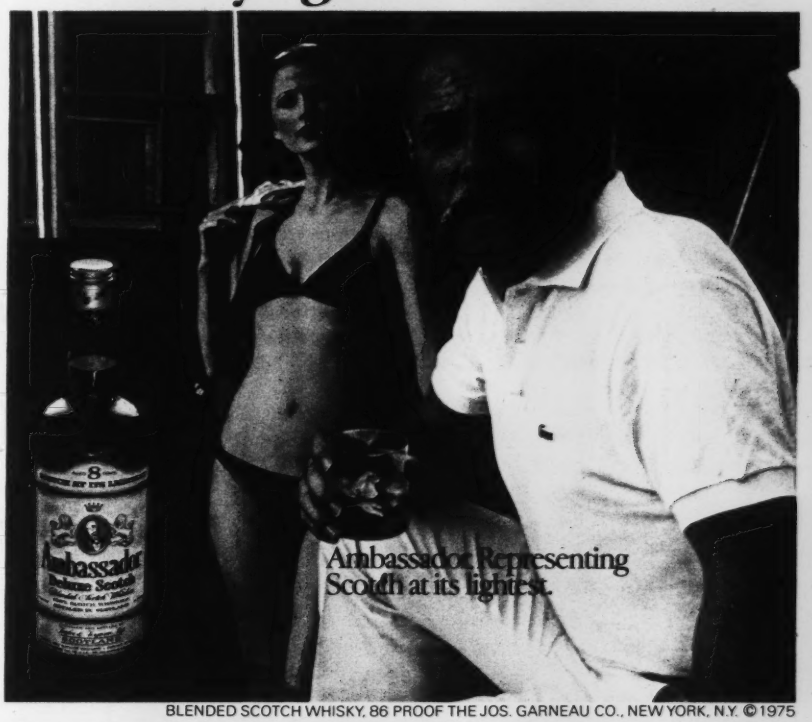
But to call the experiments in demanagement a trend would be, as Dr. Johnson once said in another connection, a triumph of hope over experience. They prove only that we are failing to demanage not because we don't know how, but for other reasons.

Politics can now attract only the most limited of men. People who want power—and get it—are unfit to govern. More and more of us are sensing that our country is in a kind of trouble that cannot be cured by conventional political action, but by an unfamiliar opposite means—by depoliticizing, or demanaging a society that has outgrown its present structures and is not working.

The most powerful potential force in America is, at the moment, dormant. People everywhere are straining toward what is proper and possible for them to be, but unmanaged America is still unsure of its strength and legitimacy. Beyond the present process of consciousness raising—which is inner-directed and passive—may be a new kind of activism. More people may, as blacks and women have done, begin to insist that their rights be more precisely defined and more carefully observed.

Everyone in Oz knew that the land was run by a wonderful, all-powerful wizard. When Dorothy and her friends finally made their way into the wizard's inner sanctum, they were awed by his power. Little Toto, though, unaware he should be awed, indulged his curiosity and pulled a cord. Suddenly, the wizard was revealed to be just a funny, frightened old man from Kansas, with a roomful of noisemakers and smoke machines. He had no real power at all. He didn't run Oz. He only seemed to.●

The Ambassador. Recently sighted off St.Thomas.



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THE LONG ROAD

Daredevil director Robert Altman's new film about Music City, U.S.A., has generated the hottest advance talk since *Last Tango*. But the legend of *Nashville* began even before the movie went into production

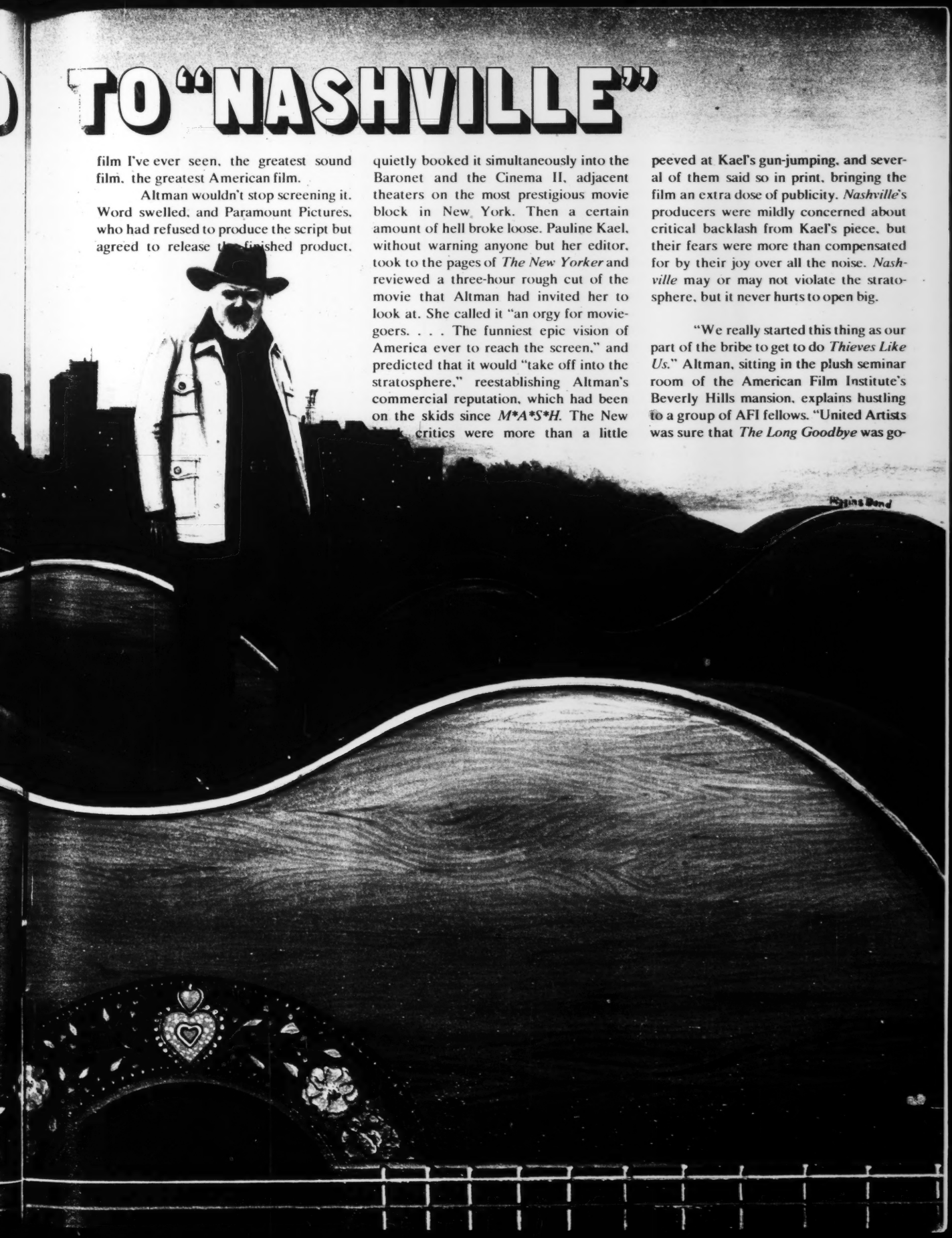
By Jack Viertel and David Colker

The fade-out is on a grey sky, and it is slow. The screen has not even gone to black when a small chorus of boos erupts from the darkened theater, quickly drowned by an onslaught of cheers and applause. The dissenters put up a tough fight, but it only serves to arouse the approvers to greater heights. The exhibitors, theater chain operators from up and down the East Coast who have traveled to Boston for this sneak preview, listen to the volatile reaction and shake their heads, smiling. Robert Altman is back in town again.

Feelings are running high as the New York opening of Altman's *Nashville* approaches. The film has been a Hollywood legend since word began to filter back from the Country Music capital that Altman's intuitive technique, employing diffuse plot structure and a good deal of improvisation, had left him with a six-hour *magnum opus* that simply wouldn't be tamed. A mere mention of the film's title was likely to bring forth anything from sarcastic titters to sheer vituperation among studio heads, financially burned by Altman's past experiments and in no way disturbed to see the director seemingly stuck in a morass of his own making.

But as *Nashville* began slowly to compact itself into a releasable film, the legend-makers grew quiet. Phrases were being tossed around: the greatest

TO "NASHVILLE"



film I've ever seen, the greatest sound film, the greatest American film.

Altman wouldn't stop screening it. Word swelled, and Paramount Pictures, who had refused to produce the script but agreed to release the finished product, quietly booked it simultaneously into the Baronet and the Cinema II, adjacent theaters on the most prestigious movie block in New York. Then a certain amount of hell broke loose. Pauline Kael, without warning anyone but her editor, took to the pages of *The New Yorker* and reviewed a three-hour rough cut of the movie that Altman had invited her to look at. She called it "an orgy for moviegoers. . . . The funniest epic vision of America ever to reach the screen," and predicted that it would "take off into the stratosphere," reestablishing Altman's commercial reputation, which had been on the skids since *M*A*S*H*. The New [illegible] critics were more than a little peeved at Kael's gun-jumping, and several of them said so in print, bringing the film an extra dose of publicity. *Nashville*'s producers were mildly concerned about critical backlash from Kael's piece, but their fears were more than compensated for by their joy over all the noise. *Nashville* may or may not violate the stratosphere, but it never hurts to open big.

"We really started this thing as our part of the bribe to get to do *Thieves Like Us*." Altman, sitting in the plush seminar room of the American Film Institute's Beverly Hills mansion, explains hustling to a group of AFI fellows. "United Artists was sure that *The Long Goodbye* was go-

ing to be really good. They didn't want to do *Thieves* and they had a script called *The Great Southern Amusement Company*. They said, 'We want to do a picture about Nashville because we've got a music company down there and we want a vehicle.' I said, 'I'll try to do an original because I'm interested in that area.' It grew like Topsy."

Joan Tewkesbury, who had collaborated with Altman on the script of *Thieves Like Us*, his commercially disastrous 1974 film about Depression-era bank robbers, took a plane to Nashville and wandered from her motel to the fast food joints, through the Baptist churches and the bars, looking for a story. She settled nightly into a club called the Exit Inn, along "Music Row," where the entertainment was nonstop and the atmosphere was loose. Industry people hang out there, and ambitious unknowns are always showing up with the dream of being discovered. As Tewkesbury listened with one ear to the music onstage, she could also hear million-dollar option contracts being negotiated by portly music executives, who took time out only to hit on the waitresses. In the midst of this, a middle-aged black man pushed his way through the crowd and sat down next to her.

"James Broadway," he said, extending a hand and ordering her a drink. His story was long and sad: jail, romance, divorce and more jail. The group onstage went back to the dressing room, the record contract people moved on to another bar, and eventually James Broadway moved along too. Joan Tewkesbury was left at the Exit Inn with a half-heard, semi-remembered kaleidoscope of stories—shattered fragments of the goings-on in an American city where the music never stops. And that, she decided, was what *Nashville* was to be about.

She returned to Los Angeles with 18 characters in her mind, people playing out little soap operas that swirl in and around the country music scene and are its inspiration. Altman, far from resisting the notion of 18 major characters, added seven more, including an omnipresent, although unseen presidential candidate named Hal Philip Walker, whose fund-raising rally slowly became a sort of focus for *Nashville*.

With a complex, substantially oversized script in hand, Altman approached United Artists, who were the distributors of his two previous projects.

As far as UA was concerned, *The Long Goodbye*, the first of the two, had been a catastrophe. They had expected a Raymond Chandler thriller in the Bogart tradition, but what Altman gave them turned out to be a dreamy meditation on the collapse of Southern California; UA's misconceived promotional campaign made matters substantially worse, and the movie never really took off. The studio couldn't make any sense whatever out of *Thieves Like Us* and, at the time Altman brought them the *Nashville* script, were getting ready to dump it on the unsuspecting public, certain that no money was to be made there. Despite the relative ecstasy of the critics, they were right. Then David Picker, UA's production chief at the time, looked over what had become of his attempt to get a vehicle for UA's music company with dismay and displeasure. "It's a downer," he said.

The script went out to every major studio and came back again. Then Jerry Weintraub gave a party . . . .

UA was tired of Altman.

The script went out to every major studio and came back again. Dino De Laurentiis passed on it, as did a few other independents, and Altman went to Columbia to shoot *California Split*.

Then Jerry Weintraub gave a party. The man who brought Sinatra out of retirement and boosted John Denver to fame and fortune also throws terrific parties, as he'll tell you himself.

"I produce most of the major concerts in the country," he explains, "but we have friends in every area, not just show business—diplomats in New York and people like that. Opera stars. We travel in a lot of different circles there."

Weintraub's party invitation list is compiled from the New York celebrity register, and Altman happened to be in New York on the occasion of John Denver's first headliner concert at Carnegie Hall. He accepted an invitation and a free ticket to the concert. At the party that followed, he approached Weintraub about a couple of country folksingers who had opened the bill for Denver. He explained that he had *Nashville* on the shelf, and might be able to use Denver's opening act, if he could get the project off the ground.

"I have access to a lot of money," Weintraub told him after spending a night with the script. "Let's be partners."

Weintraub was in exactly the opposite position from Altman when it came to money. He had made a lot of it for the companies that had backed him in the past, and ABC agreed to finance *Nashville* for $2.7 million. Altman wasn't overjoyed with the budget, but he was used to working in poverty circumstances. *Thieves Like Us* had come in for $1.3 million while other studios were spending more than ten times that amount to cause earthquakes and fires.

ABC's initial interest was the same as UA's had been. They had a music company, and *Nashville* was to be filled with music. They were disconcerted to learn that Altman planned to let each actor write his own songs, even though he had no intention of casting people with a background in music. Par for the course, Weintraub explained to ABC. Leave him alone.

The casting was typically unorthodox. Altman has collected a loose company of actors, some of whom work only for him, others who would drop whatever they are doing to go into one of his films. Of these he picked eight, several for parts that had been created for them by Joan Tewkesbury. Other parts were invented along the way. Robert Duvall, who had worked with Altman on a 1968 feature called *Countdown*, ran into the director at a party and mentioned that he enjoyed singing country music. With this in mind, Altman and Tewkesbury concocted Haven Hamilton, the dean of the Country Music world, who is on equal terms with Opry audiences and presidents of the United States. Duvall's agent balked at the salary, however, and the part passed on to Henry Gibson, the nebbishy poet from TV's *Laugh-In*, who turned in a gem-like performance that may spell a new career. Gibson didn't know anything about country music, and went searching for a C&W singer to give him a few tips on Nashville mannerisms and methods. Through a Santa Monica guitar shop he found David Peel, a local performer, whom he hired to come to his house so that he could listen to him sing. Peel looked so good to Gibson that he took him down to Altman's office, where the director gave him the role of Haven Hamilton's manager-son. He is the only native Nashvillian in the cast.

Keenan Wynn had worked for Altman in television, but never in a film. He was shooting a feature in Hawaii when Altman called on the phone.

"Do you want to do a film?" he asked.

Jack Viertel last wrote for NEW TIMES *on Scott Joplin. David Colker is a Los Angeles-based freelance.*

A review of *Nashville* appears on page 59.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL KREMENTZ

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDIE BASKIN

Altman (in headphones) at Opry Belle: a two-month party, with breaks for shooting the film and watching rushes.

"Just send me a plane ticket," said Wynn. He found out what the film was about when he got to Nashville.

"The son of a bitch doesn't pay me anything," he said of Altman later. "But when he wants me, I'll be there. He lets me act. I'm pretty tired of the guys who tell you to put one hand here and look over there and start talking."

Allen Garfield was Joan Tewkesbury's idea. She had done performances with him at the Actor's Studio, and saw that he would be ideal for the hot-headed manager husband of Nashville's prima donna, Barbara Jean. Altman found himself in an advantageous bargaining position with Garfield. He stood behind a roulette table during the Cannes Film Festival, watching the actor drop his last $1,200.

"Can we talk?" he asked.

"You couldn't have picked a better time," said Garfield. "What's in it for me?"

Garfield was given the script and returned it the next morning with a promise to appear.

"Your agent will never make a deal," said Altman. "We're very impoverished."

Garfield thought for a minute.

"You want to ice it? You want a guarantee that I'll do it?"

Altman nodded.

"Lend me $1,000. I got to get home."

Susan Anspach was set to play Barbara Jean. But the willowy actress was not interested in writing songs, so Altman hired Ronee Blakley, a songwriter and sometime musical comedy actress, to provide several numbers for Barbara Jean's Opryland appearance. Anspach didn't like the material, and she also wasn't crazy about her salary. Moreover, she wasn't sure it was really necessary for her to remain on location during the entire shooting of the film, something that Altman more or less expects of his casts.

"It just seemed like trouble," said Altman, "so finally I wrote her a check. We gave the part to Ronee."

Blakley had no film experience whatever, and Barbara Jean is an emotionally complex character, constantly on the edge of mental instability. But the few performances that have not worked out in Altman's previous films have never been those of unknowns, and he had no doubt that Blakley would be good.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL KREMENTZ

Critic Pauline Kael: a noisy scoop.

In addition to the complexity of the script and the dependence on the cast for wardrobe as well as dialogue, *Nashville* was to be something of a technical innovation as well. The sound would be recorded on an eight-track system developed for Altman that would allow overlapping conversations and simultaneous room "ambience" to be heard clearly, giving an impression of auditory reality never before possible. The 27 songs were to be recorded live, not lip-synched in the Hollywood tradition. Sidney Levin was hired to edit the film, because of his experience with rock documentaries (*Let the Good Times Roll, Mad Dogs and*

Englishmen). He had never worked with Altman before.

The cast looked over the script and then put it away. The fact that some of them never saw it again didn't matter since each scene was reworked with improvisations before it was shot. Members of Altman's stock company were accustomed to this method. Shelley Duvall, who had appeared in three other Altman films, knew she was playing a groupie from Los Angeles in this one but that was about all she knew.

"L.A. Joan has no lines in the script," she says. "It just said 'L.A. Joan enters.' After that I was on my own. I had to decide what this character does."

For preparation she hung out at the Starwood and the Roxy, two L.A. rock clubs, running with real groupies.

"Among other things," she says, smiling, "I learned how to dress." She arrived in Nashville with satin hot pants, sequined tank tops and a pair of platform shoes with toes painted on them. By the time she got there, the cast and crew had assembled.

Altman conducted a bus tour of the city, pointing out locations that would be used for the film—the Exit Inn, the Opryland amusement park and an exact replica of the Parthenon built to celebrate Nashville's Centennial, where Hal Philip Walker's political rally was to take place. After the bus tour, the cast took over the Jack Spence Motel and threw a party that went on for two months, interrupted only by shooting the film and watching the rushes.

Gwen Welles, who plays an ambitious, untalented counter waitress named Sueleen Gay, took a three-day job at the Nashville airport soda fountain. The cast went to have lunch and left big tips. At the end of the three days, Welles attempted to donate her earnings to the other waitresses, but they would have none of it.

"You earned them, Sueleen," one of them told her. "You keep those tips, hear?"

In a makeup room Keenan Wynn was being asked to remove his famous mustache, a trademark he had carefully established over the years. He was weary, having come directly from a downtown thrift shop, where he had purchased a good cheap suit for his role as a boardinghouse proprietor.

"Does it have to come off?" he asked Altman.

"Well, not necessarily . . . but maybe it would be better if you got really naked."

Wynn looked at him with a pained expression. ". . . All right, all right, take it off," he commanded his makeup man.

"I can understand his reluctance," Altman said later. "There was an old man underneath that mustache."

Wynn left the makeup room and took a taxi back downtown to a couple of junk shops he had spotted. He needed some furnishings for his boardinghouse.

There were times when it may have seemed unclear to the actors how any of the film would fit together, but they appreciated the freedom it gave them. Performers began to invent material at an astonishing rate. Barbara Baxley wrote a monologue about the Kennedy assassination and asked Altman if he wanted to look it over.

"Hell, let's just shoot it," he said.

It lasted ten minutes and ended only when the film ran out.

Altman had staked out the city like a general at war and found he had more locations than the script could use. There were two that he particularly wanted, a school bus parking lot and an automobile graveyard. Toward the end of shooting, he sent Geraldine Chaplin, who plays a roving British reporter, through both of them, babbling idiotic free verse commentary into a portable tape machine.

"That was supposed to represent us," Altman said. "Outsiders, full of bullshit. I don't know anything more about Nashville than she did."

On the last day of shooting, Allen Garfield and Altman got into a heated debate about a Hal Philip Walker sign that was not supposed to be in Garfield's final scene. The battle started quietly, but got louder and more vicious until finally it was so good they taught Altman's half of

Gwen Welles and Robert Duqui at a soda fountain: learning roles first-hand.

In the script, Ronee Blakley was supposed to faint onstage, but she had fainted earlier in the film and thought the repetition would be dull.

"Why don't you go catatonic instead?" Altman suggested.

Blakley considered it, but ended up writing a scene in which she loses control of her thoughts and begins speaking in an uncontrollable stream of consciousness. They shot it her way.

Throughout the filming, the use of extras for crowd scenes was a problem; there was no way to pay them. Contests were set up and advertised in the local paper: "Be in a movie and win a free trip to Disneyland!" Contestants were advised to wear only their best clothes. They turned up in grey suits and checkered ties for a political smoker scene that rings with an authenticity no wardrobe department could provide.

it to Michael Murphy and put it in the film.

From all this seeming chaos, Sidney Levin edited together a movie. It was eight hours long.

Surprisingly, ABC was not panicked. Nor was Paramount, which had agreed to distribute the film. They were euphoric over the dailies they had seen, and Altman promised to deliver them something they could market.

His first plan was to trim out a couple of hours and release two films, a *Nashville-Red* and a *Nashville-Blue*. They would have the same beginning and ending point, but different characters would dominate each. It was a startling notion, and Paramount balked. Selling one Altman film was hard enough.

Altman began screening it for friends, a little at a time, trimming sec-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDIE BASKIN

Screenwriter Tewkesbury with music supervisor Baskin: looking for a story.

tions of it down. "I cut film that way," he says. "It keeps me from faking myself out. I show it to people, and suddenly, if I'm embarrassed by something, I know it has to go."

Sidney Levin found this method distressing. "The screenings were a way of learning the film," he says, "but to my way of thinking, the people Bob screened it for were either afraid of him or sycophants, who answered him in the way he wanted to be answered."

Tensions built between Altman and Levin, and the work slowed up. Finally, Levin refused to attend one too many screenings, and Altman fired him.

At this point, the print ran a little over three hours, and Altman took it to New York to set up several private screenings. At one of those screenings was Pauline Kael.

Kael had been kicking up a storm about Altman ever since her rave of *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* caused several critics to re-see, and, in some cases, re-review the film, which had opened in a cavernous theater with a faulty soundtrack. She seems to enjoy her power to influence the fate of certain films. Her review of *Last Tango in Paris* is now a legend, and was exploited by the distributors of the film to the point where it was almost impossible to see the movie without defying it to amaze. But the frequently leveled charge that Kael loves Altman's work indiscriminately is simply untrue.

Chaplin: "Outsiders, full of bullshit."

"She came down to the set of *Brewster McCloud,*" Altman recalls. "She did an interview with me there, and then roasted *Brewster.* She didn't like *Images* at all. People say I'm her darling, but you can't prove it by me."

Over the years since *Tango,* Kael has taken a more active interest in the merchandising of motion pictures, much to the disgruntlement of the hack producers and studio heads in Hollywood, who have finally figured out that you can sell damn near anything to the public through the magic of publicity. (How many people really know that the "catastrophic" film version of *The Great Gatsby,* nearly universally loathed, was one of the year's biggest grossing pictures?) Kael has been noisy on the subject of the miscalculated, underbudgeted distribution of Altman's last films, and her review of *Nashville* tiptoed around the issue, taking a quick shot at United Artists for dropping the film, and seemingly "informing" Paramount that they had a hit on their hands. But if this was the genesis for her decision to scoop the other critics and review a film that the public would never see parts of, she never made it clear. In addition, there was no need, for once, to give the film a send-off. Paramount knew they had a winner; they had shown their faith by booking the Baronet and Cinema II—an unheard of twin booking for a new movie opening on New York's East Side. The motivation that has been commonly suggested, by Kael's friends as well as by people who no longer speak to her, is that Penelope Gilliatt (who alternates with Kael in six-month shifts) would be handling *The New Yorker*'s movie chores in June, when the film opened, and Kael was not about to be done out of reviewing *Nashville.* She liked it too much, and used Altman's past history of abuse by the studios as a convenient excuse on which to peg her unprecedented review.

Back at Lion's Gate, Altman's office complex in West Los Angeles, a meeting was called. Kael's review had led to

Altman's first plan was to trim the eight-hour version and release a *Nashville-Red* and a *Nashville-Blue.* They would have the same beginning and end, but different characters would dominate each

angry retorts from Vincent Canby in the New York *Times* and Andrew Sarris in the *Village Voice.* Altman, Weintraub and the Paramount executives laid down a few guidelines for promotion of the film. No quote ads. No highbrow appeal. Advertise it as an event, not as a film. The meeting broke up early. Somehow they just couldn't get too worried about the whole thing.

"All that bullshit with the New York critics is just cocktail party talk," said Weintraub afterward. "I've become a multi-millionaire with things that Rex Reed hated. This is much more than a film. It makes you think. It makes you cry. It makes you laugh—and it's entertaining at the same time."

Altman had no time for this nonsense. While Sarris and Canby fanned the flames of expectation in New York, editing machines were moved into every

available room at Lion's Gate and manned by nearly anyone who could use them. *Nashville* was pulled apart and stripped down to fighting weight. A song was dropped and each scene was meticulously shaved, frames at a time, for maximum impact and minimum flab. Finally, with the first screening of the final answer print staring him in the face a week away, Altman strung the film back together and took it to Samuel Goldwyn Studios, where the final sound mix was to take place. It checked in at two hours, 39 minutes. Paramount breathed a sigh of relief.

In dubbing room D at Goldwyn, there is a case of Oscars on the wall. One doesn't often see Oscars this close up, and it is a surprise to find that the statuettes seem to have butch haircuts. The sound men at Goldwyn have won a slew of Oscars over the years, but they have never worked as hard as they did for Altman. At this moment they are trying to get the applause right at the end of Barbara Jean's first Opryland number, and Altman isn't paying too much attention. With his closest associates already in Canada supervising locations for his next picture, *Buffalo Bill and the Native Americans*, he surrounds himself with music cutters and assistants. They take turns putting a golf ball into an automatic hole that pops it back at them if they sink it. The sound men don't mind. Goldwyn is the only place in town that can efficiently handle Altman's eight-track system. They know he appreciates them. They call him boss.

"You want to hear it, boss?" the chief engineer asks when they get it all straightened out.

Altman sits behind the sound console. While they are rewinding, he takes a quick bet on a tennis match. Then the lights go out. The reel breaks in on a backstage huddle before Barbara Jean's entrance, with Allen Garfield explaining to her what songs to sing. She is obviously emotionally edgy. As the intro music to her first number begins, Altman scrunches down in his seat and begins to hum. He taps his foot and sings along throughout the sequence. It must be at least his five-hundredth viewing.

"That's great!" he says when the reel runs out, and it's hard to tell if he means the sound or the whole reel. He just loves the movies.

"One of the things I'm jealous of," he tells us between reels, "is your privilege of seeing the movie for the first time. None of us will ever know what that's like."

Ronee Blakley—who recently, along with Henry Gibson, turned up to sing her *Nashville* songs at an L.A. folk club—calls on the phone and wants to come watch herself on screen. Altman nods.

"Can she bring two friends?" Richard Baskin, who supervised music for the film, holds his hand over the phone. Altman shrugs unhappily.

"Why doesn't she have one friend?" he asks. "Tell her she'd be happier with one friend."

Baskin tells them all to come over.

The next reel begins in a hospital corridor, and as a major character sneaks down the hall, an extra can be heard talking to the floor nurse about his gun. They bring up his volume a little.

"I didn't even know he was there, except as a body," Altman explains.

Pauline Kael's review led to angry retorts from Vincent Canby and Andrew Sarris. "It's just cocktail party talk," said Weintraub. "I've become a multi-millionaire with things that Rex Reed hated"

"This film follows the script a lot closer than anyone who worked on it will think, including me," he continues. "I look at it, and right away I know a woman wrote it. All the transitions happen to women, nothing happens to the guys. It's the story Joan wrote."

The scene shifts to Lily Tomlin talking on the phone, very disturbed. Suddenly, a high-pitched whine is heard on the sound track.

"What the hell is that?" Altman wants to know.

The sound men consult a log, which consists of three normal logs Scotch-taped together, to take care of all the sound.

"Says here it's a tea kettle," the chief engineer announces.

"We can lose it," Altman says.

The engineer looks over the log. "There's also a cuckoo clock in there somewhere."

Altman seems interested. "That might be better," he says. "Let's go to lunch."

"Everything in the film is a surprise, and nothing," he says later in the day, after a truncated version of Barbara Baxley's Kennedy speech has been mixed. "I'm looking for surprises. If we had just taken what was in my head and put that vision on film, it would have been a pretty lousy movie. Or at least very, very ordinary. One head, no matter how good—well, it just can't be the same as everyone bringing something to it. So in that sense everything is a surprise, but I'm not surprised by the way it came out. I mean, we knew what we wanted."

The mixing, which has gone on for five days, closes down at 6:00 in the evening, and at 8:00 Altman is back in the dubbing room, wearing a blue blazer, greeting the film's first audience. Aside from Joan Tewkesbury and himself, there is no one at the screening from the movie industry. It is a trial run for aunts and uncles, secretaries and their husbands, and the sound men, who want to make sure their work is done.

There's no really good way to judge how most screenings are going, unless people walk out or cheer wildly through the film. This one is quiet. The audience is respectfully attentive and seems to be working to absorb the film as it comes at them. There is silence at the fade-out, silence at the long final credit crawl, but a healthy dose of applause as the lights come up. By the time the applause has died, Altman is involved in a technical discussion with the sound people and doesn't seem to notice the audience, who must push past him to the exit.

Things are quiet at Lion's Gate the next afternoon. The editing machines have been removed, and most of the staff is in Canada or at the beach. Altman shares a drink with some friends. They talk about the film's up and coming push from Paramount and the commercial possibilities for putting a six-hour version of it on television, a couple of hours a night. But Altman wants to talk about the film itself.

"I was really pleased last night," he says, "really gratified."

Someone asks about the audience.

"Well, I'll tell you," Altman says. "My aunt was there, and some people who I know haven't seen a film since *The Green Berets*. I didn't pay too much attention. But if someone had stood up in the middle and shouted, 'I think this stinks,' well, at any other point it might have put me away, but not last night. I looked at the film, and I said, 'This is finished. It's loose.' I just wouldn't have cared."●

MOVIES

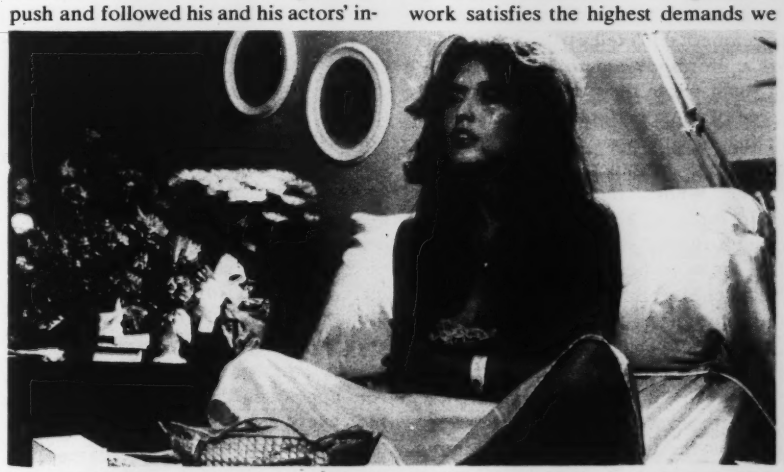
An American dream

By Frank Rich

Robert Altman is wired into the soul of his country, and **Nashville**, his new film, grows so naturally from our shared national experience that it's difficult to conceive of an American who won't find something in the movie to respond to. Some viewers will find, as I did, that *Nashville* marks a major turning point in their moviegoing lives; although Altman has made great films in the past (*McCabe and Mrs. Miller, The Long Goodbye* and *Thieves Like Us*), he has never worked in quite the scale of this picture before—a scale so broad that it seems to take in most of the American landscape—and, after sitting through the film's extraordinarily rapid two hours and 39 minutes, you may discover that *Nashville* diminishes most every other recent movie, including this director's own previous efforts, in ambition and impact. At a time when most American filmmakers choose to look at the world from the vantage point of Malibu, Altman stands on a literal and figurative continental divide—seeing everything, taking chances, keeping his balance.

Nashville is one of the best cinematic descriptions of American democracy ever made (maybe only John Ford's westerns can match it), and, fittingly enough, its very form expresses a democratic ideal. The picture has 24 actors who are billed as stars, and that's no Hollywood publicist's stratagem: the stars' roles are indeed almost exactly equal in size. While most of Altman's pictures have been packed with vividly drawn characters who are infrequently at center stage, he has always, in the past, worked with one or two leads; but, in *California Split,* his last and largely unsuccessful film, the director's impatience at having to obey even that dramatic convention was becoming more and more insistent—the two compulsive gamblers played by Elliott Gould and George Segal were the least interesting characters in the picture, and were, accordingly, all but swallowed up by the surrounding atmosphere. Now, by refusing to give us a couple of principal protagonists in *Nashville*—by switching his focus to the atmosphere itself—Altman has struck down the last barrier that stood between him and his sense of what movies should be. This time the aesthetic air is completely clear, and nothing can slow his film down or defray its spirit.

Nashville frees the medium completely from the theatrical and literary dictums that are its most constant curse and gives us a world that seems to spring directly from the filmmaker's consciousness. The movie has no logical beginning or end and no plot exposition in between; it doesn't need such things. Altman has started with a loose script (by Joan Tewkesbury) that suggests characters and situations, then given it a push and followed his and his actors' instincts. If several characters talk at once, or several "scenes" fill up the frame simultaneously, or if people come and go abruptly without explaining why, he lets it happen; he doesn't step in to smooth it all out and make it into "drama." Like some of this director's other films, this one invites comparisons to Faulkner (a copy of *Light in August* is pointedly displayed in one *Nashville* scene), but in cinema the closest equivalent to Altman's style is probably to be found in the Buñuel of *Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* and *Phantom of Liberty*: Altman often moves from one setting to another by simply following a character as he or she leaves an unconcluded sequence—thereby letting stories spin out of stories as seemingly unrelated protagonists ricochet against each other. While so improvisatory a technique could result in a cryptic mishmash, or a disastrous display of self-indulgence, it doesn't in Altman's case. He *is* shaping the material—he just isn't shaping it according to those tired unities that have marked most popular entertainment since the Greeks formulated tragedy and comedy. What Altman uses to control his material are his eyes and ears; in the end he is seeing what he wants to see and hearing what he wants to hear. Because he makes these selective judgments according to a clear vision of what life is like, and because that vision is at once original and bound to a truth that we recognize, his work satisfies the highest demands we can make of art.



Ronee Blakley as Barbara Jean: looking into the darkness beyond the music.

The picture is set in the bars, recording studios, hotel rooms, smoky clubs, modern amphitheaters (Opryland, Opry Belle), houses and streets of Nashville—a town that is perhaps a quintessential meeting point for old and new money, Yankees and Rebels, showbiz and folk art, technocrats and rednecks, stars and groupies, dope smokers and super-patriots, old-time preachers and up-to-date media hucksters. The action takes place over several days that are probably no different from most others in the life of the city, and *Nashville* finds its rush not by examining its people at the moment of some earth-shattering catharsis but by catching the pace of the dailiness of their lives. With

so many characters floating around, you might expect a difficult picture, full of details that you can't possibly keep straight and rushed, disjointed moments that abbreviate what should be the film's major events. It doesn't work out that way at all, for, as in *McCabe* and *M*A*S*H*, Altman creates a community—a community composed of the stars, aspiring stars, managers and hangers-on who circulate around Nashville's country-western music business—and thrusts us right into the middle of it, efficiently establishing through snatches of dialogue, scenes and songs who the characters are and how they relate to each other. Long after we've forgotten these people's names or failed to learn them, we absorb a sense of their social pecking order, their emotional, genealogical and sexual alliances, their hostilities and ambitions. The details the director chooses to show us about these people are shrewdly chosen, even if they're not presented to us in the logical order by which dramatists routinely "develop" character. What the lines and the camera don't tell us, the actors, who are uniformly wonderful, fill in. Many of them wrote their own dialogue and some of them perform constantly resonating variations on characters they've developed in other Altman pictures (Gwen Welles, the naive hooker of *Split*, turns up here as a waitress who, though devoid of talent, can't believe that she won't become a big singing star; Michael Murphy, a hired henchman for the murderous railroad company in *McCabe*, appears this time around as a politician's hired L.A. media man). The total effect of *Nashville*'s approach to characterization and narrative is to make us feel as if we're plunging into a party attended by friendly strangers. Once we figure out what everyone is up to, we also figure out where we might fit in, and from then on, it's often impossible to draw that line which separates *Nashville* from the usual range of activities that defines our lives.

For Altman, the city of Nashville is both a vivid real-life place and a figment of his imagination, an idiosyncratic provincial capital and a microcosm of the 50 states. The beat of the place and the thrust of the movie derive, to a large extent, from the 30 or so songs that make up the film's score. The songs are almost all new ones, and they're written in many cases by the actors (Lily Tomlin, Keith Carradine, Karen Black, Henry Gibson) who sing them (and sing them so well they seem to the C&W manner born). The songs speak of all those sentiments endemic to C&W music—of broken marriages, hard times, the promises of heavenly reward, the glories of patriotism and an Old America that is gone forever—and though the lyrics are often silly or hokey, we realize that they actually do express the ground rules by which these Nashvillians live their lives, or at least try to live their lives. Much of the characters' energy is devoted to trying to make their experiences and identities conform to the bromides of the music, for, banal as their and our pop culture may be, it is the only game in town—the only structure by which an endlessly fluid and conflicting existence can possibly make sense. Barbara Baxley, playing a tough C&W industry wheeler-dealer, takes every opportunity she can to break into a bleary-eyed spiel about the "Kennedy boys"; by turning the dead brothers into plastic Jesuses who can be fixed forever in a moaning, sloshy lament, they have meaning for her. When Tomlin, as a prim country singer with a promoter husband (Ned Beatty) and two deaf children, aborts an affair with a young, hustling rock singer (Carradine), her decision seems externally motivated (as if she can't get all those songs about the sanctity of the family out of her head) rather than from the heart. Carradine's own numbers project the commercially motivated stance of a sexual desperado, and he feels compelled to live the role out, even if it means breaking up the marriage of the two singers with whom he has recorded his first album. Those characters who have no music—such as a wandering groupie (Shelley Duvall) who appears in a different wig and outfit in every scene and an anonymous soldier (Scott Glenn) who worships a star he trails silently day and night—have no place in the community and, as a result, seem to have no personalities, either. If a character has the music and starts to lose it, life can become messy and even tragic. One of the movie's most devastating scenes—it's both cruelly funny and horrifying—gives us Barbara Jean, a wholesome C&W star who, after a long hospitalization, is giving a comeback performance at the outdoor Opry Belle. Barbara Jean (played by Ronee Blakley, making a triumphant screen debut) keeps trying to break into song, but her mind won't let her; she trails off into dim, idealized and incoherent reminiscences about her early career, her poor family and her fans. It's soon quite clear that she's having a nervous breakdown onstage, but the words coming out of her mouth are not much different from those in her songs; it's just that, let loose from the music, Barbara Jean's ramblings sound bonkers and trivial. Her previously respectful audience, forced to hear these inanities straight, suddenly turns ugly, pelting her with spitballs and drowning her out with jeers. To hear what's inside Barbara Jean's head in some form other than a song is perhaps a bit more reality than this crowd can handle—and, as the emotions the scene induces make us appreciate, the distance between us and that crowd is alarmingly small.

Besides the music and Altman's patented overlapping conversations, the other main fixture of *Nashville*'s soundtrack is the speechifying that emanates from the p.a. system of a van driven by Hal Philip Walker, a "mystery man" (we never meet him) who is the Presidential candidate for what he calls the "Replacement Party." Like the Coke bottles and signs that pop up all over *Thieves Like Us*, Walker's bumper stickers, posters and campaign buttons are omnipresent in *Nashville*, and his campaign pitch can be heard in almost every scene. Walker's platform is ambiguously populist (he wants to tax churches, eliminate lawyers from government, end farm subsidies and abolish the national anthem because "no one knows the words"), but some of what he says is central to what the film is about. "All of us are deeply involved with politics, whether we know it or not and whether we like it or not," he tells us early on. "There's no question about being involved. . . . The question is what to do." Of course no one wants to do anything, any more than anyone really wants the "new roots for the nation" that Walker's campaign slogan promises them. "We must be doing something right to last 200 years," sings middle-aged C&W superstar Haven Hamilton (Henry Gibson, in an embroidered white jumpsuit) at a recording session that opens the film—and that, in a curious way, is the true spirit of this Nashville.

Yes, the freedom *Nashville*'s people have may be an illusion—but for them, as for us, the illusion can often pass for the real thing. The real miracle of Altman's film is that it simultaneously tears the country apart and builds it up—and makes us believe in both processes. Throughout the picture, we watch a chic BBC reporter (Geraldine Chaplin) wandering around town spouting damning commentaries about the racism and vulgarity of our society into her cassette recorder; against our better instincts, we find her hysterically funny,

not because what she's saying isn't true (it is, despite the overblown New Journalese of her prose) but because her invective seems so out of kilter with the great time the rest of the people on screen are having. We believe the reporter's nasty interpretations of our automobile graveyards and dual school systems—but we believe just as much in *Nashville*'s ongoing party. The movie's inseparable form and content (the mobility of its people and the mobility with which Altman depicts that mobility) are truly exhilarating, and in the exhilaration we feel that mysterious measure of liberty that this country somehow still allows us. The tragedy implicit in *Nashville*—tragedy which surfaces so spectacularly when Barbara Jean unravels in public—has to do with the price we must pay for our freedom, for, to maintain the democratic illusion, we must believe the myths we create about ourselves, the nonsense that is enshrined in the music. If we lose the beat, if we look into the horrible darkness that lurks beyond our carefully constructed self-image—as we did during our longest war—there can be no Nashvilles, no American community, and the country, like Barbara Jean, can only fall apart.

C&W stars Haven Hamilton (Henry Gibson) and Tommy Brown (Timothy Brown) in Altman's *Nashville*: a mysterious measure of liberty.

Altman grabs on to that central tension in our lives and never lets it go, but he dramatizes it with both humor and sorrow—which, as Twain first taught us, is the only way an American artist can look at his society without drifting into terminal despair. Much of Altman's film cuts both ways: when dozens of cars pile up in a super-highway traffic jam, the mess is every bit the technological nightmare the BBC reporter says it is, but it is also, in *Nashville*, an excuse for everyone to get out of his car and have a spontaneous mixer, to get the party going again. By the time the film's climax arrives—a big, outdoor Walker-for-President concert-rally—Altman is prepared to pull out all the stops, even though one feels there's nowhere else his movie could conceivably go. The rally moves into full, high-spirited gear, and then, out of nowhere, the ugliest noise of our collective experience—the crackling of gunfire—fills the summer air. The large, picnicking crowd is stunned into silence, the performers are forced offstage—but, as Altman brilliantly envisions it, the moratorium on pleasure proves to be only temporary. "This is Nashville!" yells one of the wounded to the audience. "They can't do this to us in Nashville. . . . Everybody sing!" And everybody sings. The blood is wiped away. An abandoned mike falls into the hands of a frazzled, aspiring singer (Barbara Harris), who at last has the big break she's sought in vain all week; a black gospel choir takes the stage and joins Harris in a foot-stomping number that turns mourning into joy. The camera starts to rise above the rally—which is set, appropriately enough, at Nashville's Parthenon, a lumber-and-plaster replica of that other one, in Athens—and we take in the huge flag, the cloudless sky, the thousands of beer-swilling, all-American fans. The crowd is happy again, celebrating; their glimpse into the void behind their world's sunny facade is over as soon as it began. "You may say I ain't free/But it don't worry me," they chant, over and over again—tearing us up by making us feel happy and heartsick at the same time—and, as simple as that country refrain is, it can stand effectively as an encapsulation of the entire film. Altman understands that as long as we prop up our national lies, we can believe we're free, no matter what that gunfire tells us—we can, as another of the film's songs puts it, "keep a' goin'." Where we're going is something else again, but I don't see how anyone who cares about the state of the nation, not to mention the state of film, can possibly fail to see *Nashville*.

John Frankenheimer, whose *Manchurian Candidate* and *Seconds* were among the best film thrillers of the early '60s, has given himself and his audiences a rough time in recent years by turning out a string of bombs so embarrassing that some of them (*Impossible Object, 99¾% Dead*) barely hobbled their way into release. Though noteworthy for little else, **French Connection II**, his latest directorial project, does at least mark this filmmaker's return from the proverbial dead: this sequel to William Friedkin's 1971 smash about a rough-hewn New York cop's efforts to crack a heroin ring proves that Frankenheimer is still capable of making a movie that makes sense and that, at times, can even generate a touch of excitement. *French Connection II* is a terribly routine action melodrama, but Frankenheimer had been down so long that even the routine looks like up for him.

The sequel picks up more or less where Friedkin's film left off: Popeye Doyle (Gene Hackman) goes to Marseilles in a last-ditch effort to nab the mysterious Charnier (Fernando Rey), the imperious French heroin magnate who vanished without a trace at Part I's fade-out. Hackman is as fine as he always is, though his performance here lacks some of the edge that marked his first encounter with Popeye (or is it just that all *The French Connection*'s imitators have robbed the character's salty language and obsessive-moralistic gun-craziness of the novelty value they had four years ago?). The film has one knock-out scene, in which the hero, having been force-fed heroin by underworld abductors, must go cold turkey—and Hackman turns the cop's ordeal into a virtuoso, free-associative soliloquy composed of buried, broken memories, fits of anger, bursts of manic laughter and explosive sobs. But for the most part, the screenplay (by Alexander Jacobs and Robert and Lauri Dillon) is short of incident and bereft of the kind of sudden reversals that made Part I such a nerve-strafer. We don't see as much of Charnier as we'd like to (indeed we learn nothing new about him), the

French cops are colorless and curiously corruption-free (the price of shooting the movie on location in France?), and in the end the whole enterprise devolves into nothing more than a straightforward chase with an inevitable conclusion. Given the film's title and its star, *French Connection II* may strike it rich, but, if it does, let's hope that Frankenheimer doesn't take the money and run but instead settles down to do some serious work.

Elio Petri, the Italian director whose schematic and deadening *Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion* enjoyed an American success it will forever be beyond my capacity to comprehend, has come up with a far better, if hardly earthshaking, thing with **Lulù the Tool.** *Lulù* (whose actual Italian title translates as *The Working Class Goes to Paradise*) is about what happens when its title character, a factory worker played by Gian Maria Volonte, starts to realize that his job has turned him into a machine. "Your health depends on your relationship with the machines," instructs a p.a. system that greets Lulù and his fellow piece workers when they arrive at the plant each morning, and when the hero starts to lose the rhythm that has made him one of the most productive members of his work force, he also loses a finger through carelessness, starts talking in his sleep and develops a personal compulsiveness that drives his beautician mistress (Mariangela Melato) nuts. Eventually Lulù forms an alliance with the Maoist students who have been distributing leaflets outside the factory each morning, and, when he is fired for his extremism, he becomes an heroic symbol for the workers who take up his cause; but, for all the growth in Lulù's and his peers' consciousness, the unionists achieve a victory that, like most labor triumphs in industrialized nations, ameliorates the superficial accoutrements, but not the dehumanizing basics, of working-class life.

There is nothing in *Lulù the Tool* that is as aesthetically incendiary as the late works of Godard or as amusing as Chaplin's *Modern Times,* but, in his own workmanlike way, Petri tailors the film's visual attack to its politics. The stylization of the footage showing Lulù in full gear at his factory lathe is mesmerizing—in part because the brutality of the hero's routine is reflected in the filmmaker's editing and in part because we, like Lulù, have no idea what it is he's manufacturing. Petri also finds in Lulù's apartment—full of tacky knickknacks and bathed in the blue light of a TV set—an evocative inanimate expression of his hero's alienation. Unfortunately, we never quite understand the bickering dialectic that erupts between Lulù and his determinedly realistic lover (indeed Melato doesn't have much to do on this occasion), and there's one self-consciously big scene, in which the hero visits an old radical worker (Salvo Randone) at an insane asylum, that breaks the picture's stride and is too close to a similar sequence from Bertolucci's *Conformist* for comfort. Petri is not above indulging in rhetorical excess, but there's nothing bombastic about his star's enormously intense performance: Volonte gives the film its soul and its dynamism, and if Peter Falk's hard hat in *A Woman Under the Influence* had become as overtly unhinged as his wife did, this Lulù is probably exactly what he would have looked like.

MUSIC

Collins & Baez: Sad to listen to, hard to like

By Janet Maslin

The Boston rock press was treating Judy Collins with uncharacteristic politesse: the half-dozen writers who had absolutely no interest in her new album, *Judith*, quietly picked at their Mexican lunch for the better part of two hours, while a few who had listened to it tried to keep their questions tactful. So she was asked about her widely acclaimed documentary film (*Antonia*), her favorite songwriters, her Francesco Scavullo cover photo. But because the matter was so glaring and unavoidable, she was also asked—very delicately—about her update of a Rolling Stones song, "Salt of the Earth." Never mind that Collins' version is too pretty, or that it lacks the bite of the original; Joan Baez' version of several years ago had the same defects but still managed to convey some semblance of good intentions. But Collins had deliberately altered the lyrics, changing the original Jagger/Richard bridge:

"And when I search a faceless crowd
A swirling mass of gray and black
and white
They don't look real to me
In fact they look so strange"*

to this bit of bunny fluff:

"When I see this crowd of faces
A swirling mass of black and gray
and white
They look so real to me
But they look so much in pain."

Another line of the song, which mentioned cancer and polio, had become "The world is starving and they don't want to know." Clearly, these modifications were somewhat at variance with the song's original spirit of alienation.

Well, said Collins, with a friendly but blankish smile, the only reason she had made up new words was that she'd had trouble singing the old ones, which were harsh enough to upset her. But in that case why record the song at all? Because she loved the Rolling Stones

Collins: content secondary to sheen.

* Copyright © Abkco Music, Inc., 1968.

(though she had only recently become familiar with their work) and because she especially loved this number. But if she didn't feel comfortable with its theme or mood or lyrics, what had attracted her to "Salt of the Earth" in the first place? Collins looked genuinely puzzled and gave the question some thought. Then she replied: "Other things." A discreet and lengthy silence ensued.

There isn't much of a market for folk music anymore: Pete Seeger and Arlo Guthrie's current concert album contains exactly the sort of wonderful rousing sing-along stuff that collects dust in record stores. And there isn't much understanding of folk music left, either: when Phil Ochs sang some early '60s anthems ("I Ain't Marchin' Anymore," et al.) at the People's Bicentennial rally in Concord, the sound was subsequently described as "heavy metal" by one keen-eared member of the press. However, a surprisingly large proportion of that era's biggest folk stars are still in business—and if business has changed, they've changed too. Or at least tried to: Peter Yarrow chirped a version of "The Harder They Come" on a recent album, while Mary Travers sings pop ballads. Eric Andersen has traded in rebelliousness for a heartbroken sound and bland pop arrangements. Tom Paxton's occasional albums are produced by Tony Visconti, who has also worked with David Bowie. Buffy Sainte-Marie tries to make rock albums and once appeared on *The Tonight Show* wearing blue nail polish. John Stewart of the Kingston Trio makes wispy, sentimental music in the netherworld between soft rock and MOR. Bob Dylan had ostensibly become a family man, at least until lately. And John Denver is scheduled to play Tahoe this summer with Frank Sinatra.

As times and fashions change, most of these veterans have kept their styles personal but flexible. So Judy Collins' gradual progression from folk to art songs makes perfect sense because, even when working in a traditional folk milieu, she has used an art-song approach all along. For her, content is secondary to musicianship, to arrangements, to a thin but inpenetrable sheen. The source material can be virtually anything, and in fact it helps to juxtapose incongruous choices: seemingly a varied album, *Judith* contains a show tune (Stephen Sondheim's "Send in the Clowns"), two '30s numbers ("Brother, Can You Spare a Dime" and "I'll Be Seeing You"), the aforementioned rock song, a Jimmy Webb ballad, Steve Goodman's "City of New Orleans" and original numbers with subjects as disparate as Duke Ellington's death and the coming of age of Collins' son. But there's really no variety here at all, since in every case the objective—studied but listless perfection—is the same. Ironically, Collins made artier recordings of folk ballads (like "Anathea") and folk-based material (like "Pack Up Your Sorrows") than she does of far more eclectic material, because the sparer and flatter the song, the more important her technique appears to be. She has seldom shown sufficient stylistic insight to do anything but homogenize the more complicated and demanding songs she has come to prefer. So figure out, if you can, why the lush but lackluster *Judith* is a hit.

And then figure out why Joan Baez, whose latter-day emotional vacuum has often been compared to Collins' (her "Song for David," which Collins covered, was so pleasantly dispirited in both versions that a listener would have been hard-pressed to guess which of them was married to, and presumably pining for, the man), has had so much harder a time making a similar transition. Like Collins, Baez was so perfectly suited to simple, rigidly structured traditional material that she had never found another niche as appropriate. Every other album or so, she produces one of the melodic, heartfelt originals—the title track of her new *Diamonds and Rust* LP is certainly one of them—that comprise her best recent work. But when she covers pop material, there's often the feeling that she's reading off charts rather than singing from passion or memory; the only evidence to the contrary is that Baez, like Collins, has a habit of wreaking havoc with other people's lyrics.

Diamonds and Rust supposedly came about when Joan promised her record company that she would make a "commercial" album, steering clear of political material or foreign languages (her preceding LP had been in Spanish). So she turned out an effort that is as overproduced, in a cluttered, noodling soft-rock way, as *Judith* is string-heavy. Like *Judith*, *Diamonds and Rust* is sad to listen to and hard to like, with an innate sincerity that never really perforates the prettiness. But *Diamonds and Rust* is, to some degree, about the very passage of time that makes it so sad. One original song, about Bob Dylan's return to the stage, attempts to bury

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whatever hatchet there was between the two of them and to somehow recapture "Winds of the Old Days." Acknowledging that her own "years of self-righteousness will not budge," and momentarily patronizing Dylan ("our blue-eyed son"), she refers to herself rather movingly as "Johanna," just as Dylan did in one of his best songs. And in the title cut, about her decade-old lost love affair with an unnamed but evident "unwashed phenomenon," she sings of herself as "the madonna . . . the girl on the half-shell," recalling her lover's disdain for her work ("my poetry was lousy, you said") even as she attempts to carry on with it. Far more touching than the song's railing against the past, or the singer's hopeless entanglement in her memories, is the imperfection of the effort: lyrics are clumsy and stilted, barely fitting the melody, coming out in a breathless, almost angry jumble. Baez's voice is humanized considerably by such flaws; the high point of her lovely "I Dream of Jeannie/Danny Boy" medley comes at the end, as her voice cracks and she strains for air.

Three other songs on the album—Stevie Wonder's "I Never Dreamed You'd Leave in Summer," Janis Ian's "Jesse," Jackson Browne's "Fountain of Sorrow" (Collins expressed some regret that she hadn't gotten to this one first)—are also about recollections of lost romance. And on one verse of the obligatory Dylan song ("Simple Twist of Fate"), Baez finally records the uncanny Dylan imitation she's been doing in concert for years. But on her terribly shrill "Children and All That Jazz," Baez proves herself to indeed be ten years away from her subject, and now a frazzled mother. The song sounds like a deliberate, if unsuccessful, attempt to hold both the singer's and the listener's nostalgia in check. But it's too late: once memories of the old Baez and the circle in which she traveled have been conjured up, they can hardly be dispelled by her current cover versions or electric guitar parts. *Diamonds and Rust* is effective only through acknowledging that its import is, at best, subsidiary.

My neighbors' daughter turned 9 the other day, and somebody gave her a guitar. I heard her strumming chords out on the lawn one afternoon, with her sister and a girlfriend singing along in high, sweet, little inflectionless voices. Their harmonies were so ephemeral but plain, their faces so earnest but dispassionate, that it took me a while to recognize the song they were working on so diligently as "Proud Mary." Something about *Judith* and *Diamonds and Rust* reminds me of those little girls.

***Soap Opera,** *The Kinks* (RCA). There's nothing about this love-hate ode to bourgeois normalcy that can't be found in at least six other Kinks opuses. But the theatrical form in which their old themes are reiterated shows star performer and impresario Ray Davies to be as eccentrically gifted an actor as he is a singer. A honing-down of their *Preservation* methods, and a soundtrack for their recent stage show, this features the usual nice ironies and some extraordinary vocals.

***Ian Hunter** (Columbia). Former lead singer with Mott the Hoople teams with Mick Ronson, former guitarist with David Bowie, to make a tough, sexy, alternately arrogant and reflective solo debut. "Boy," one of the best songs here, is a piece of advice to the British pop hermaphrodite whose name sounds like its title.

***Playing Possum,** *Carly Simon* (Elektra). What's lacking here, even more than genuine eroticism once you get past the very soft-core cover, is a sense of humor; after the relative hiatus of *Hotcakes,* Simon is suddenly self-important all over again. A couple of strong melodies here, but hardly a whole album's worth.

BOOKS

Spooks

By Geoffrey Wolff

The Tears of Autumn *by Charles McCarry*. Saturday Review Press/Dutton (276 pp., $7.95).

This is a novel of international intrigue and detection, a hybrid of fancy and history in the school of Forsyth, Deighton and Le Carré that is by now dollar-proved. Such fictions please by solving real riddles, in this instance the riddle of President Kennedy's assassination. Here's what happened: During the early autumn of 1963 Diem and Nhu realized that their regime would soon be overthrown by some among their many rivals, with the collusion of Kennedy and his CIA. They had a horoscope cast, and it assured them that they would also be murdered, and they had no doubt that "the broker for these murders would be the President of the United States." Believing themselves already as good as dead, they arranged to take revenge from beyond the grave, not for personal reasons but because they regarded their overthrow and murder as an insult to the Vietnamese nation and to their family. The family, wide-flung and powerful, included members of the government of North Vietnam. One of these, placing family above politics, requested that a high Cuban official—as a favor—find an assassin to kill Kennedy. The Cuban agreed, never believing that his diplomatic favor would actually come to pass in Kennedy's death. (The Vietnamese needed a "white" cutout from a third country for obvious reasons.) The Cuban recruited Oswald in Mexico City, having heard of his erratic efforts in New Orleans on behalf of Castro. Oswald, astonishingly, did precisely what he was instructed to do. The Soviets were frightened that Oswald would somehow connect them, falsely, with the assassination. They gave a hit order to a gangster who worked for them without knowing who they were, and he in turn recruited Ruby to kill Oswald.

In McCarry's version a CIA agent, Paul Christopher, solves the tangled crime in very short order. But people close to President Johnson elect to destroy his evidence, and never to disclose it, because they don't wish to alienate the American people from the Vietnamese, because they don't wish to disturb the public tranquillity and because they don't wish to diminish John F. Kennedy in the world's esteem by showing that rather than dying a martyr, killed by a psychopath, he died in the

equivalent of a gangland feud: "I won't have any son of a bitch saying that what happened to Jack in Dallas was a *punishment,"* in the words of one member of the Irish mafia who had loved him, and remained in power after his death.

The intricacies and transitions of McCarry's plot are craftsmanlike and, within the bounds of a work of imagination, elegantly persuasive. But *The Tears of Autumn* is being promoted within wider bounds, as a plausible account of what actually happened in Dallas, and why: "It explains too much to be ignored," as the publisher archly promises. The license to lie in a work of fiction has attached to it no restrictive covenants. But the license to lie in a work of fiction that pretends to the authority of history is held by an author in a binding contract of good faith, and right reason. It is clear by now that the report of the Warren Commission has been judged by serious critics and by the majority of America's citizens to be a fiction both unreasonable and committed in bad faith. Because the riddle of Kennedy's assassination has not been solved, and is not likely to be solved, new fictions have displaced the government's: a preposterous movie tricked up to resemble a documentary—*Executive Action*—and another more artful but even less plausible—*The Parallax View.* A novel by Joseph DiMona, *The Last Man at Arlington,* assigns the balme for Kennedy's death to the CIA.

A laboriously detailed report in this magazine (April 18, 1975) by Robert Sam Anson critically examines an inventory of possible solutions: the Mafia did it (in Anson's judgment the most likely conclusion), Castro did it to avenge assassination attempts against him and prevent more of them (in Anson's judgment not very likely), the survivors of Diem and Nhu did it (least likely, because they died only three weeks before Kennedy died, and after Oswald visited Mexico City).

McCarry's version stands or falls by prognostication: Diem and Nhu must be believed to have known in advance that they would die, and to have arranged in advance of their death their revenge. This given, for me, begs too much of my credulity. In short, what Paul Christopher sells I refuse to buy. But I'll surely bid on parts of his solution. For one example, I have never understood why Robert and Edward Kennedy seemed to accept the conclusions of the Warren Commission. Indeed, their evident satisfaction with the Commission for a long time, until the recent publication of such articles as Anson's and Robert Blair Kaiser's in the April 24, 1975 *Rolling Stone,* led me to conclude that while obviously flawed in many of its particulars, the report satisfied one crucial test of truth: Robert Kennedy seemed to buy it whole. I assumed that these brothers, not notable for their quickness to forgive and forget, would otherwise shake the world with their doubts. I did not reckon on the possibility McCarry so plausibly develops, that any logical explanation for Kennedy's assassination—any explanation that provided a motive—would probably reflect discredit on the late President's actions before his death, and would assuredly stain him in the world's memory.

HARRISON SWART

McCarry: fiction, not a solution.

In short, had the crime been solved as quickly as Paul Christopher solved it, I now believe it is possible that its solution could have been suppressed, in what is called *the national interest,* or in the Kennedys' own interest, and from sympathy for them. The Pentagon Papers established for certain that President Kennedy knew and approved of plans for the coup that overthrew Diem and Nhu. The circumstances of their deaths are still not known, but a personal footnote may demonstrate that their murder—whether or not it touches upon President Kennedy's—absorbed the interest of our government.

In the spring of 1965 I was a cultural affairs reporter for the Washington *Post,* very recently liberated from night duty on the police desk. I was in the newspaper's hierarchy and esteem lower than a snake's ass, a cub. I was eager to show off with a book review, and having pestered the book editor for many weeks for an assignment I was finally given Morris West's novel, *The Ambassdor,* for review. That afternoon I read the book, and found it pretty thin stuff, a bad-guys vs. good-guys account of the overthrow of Diem and Nhu, and their murder, by the arrangement of an evil character serving as the CIA's station chief in Saigon. Within a few hours after I had finished the novel I received a telephone call at home from the father of a friend. The caller had recently retired from the CIA, which he had served in a very senior position, and he wished to see me at his house first thing in the morning, before breakfast. I agreed to the meeting, half expecting to be asked to leave at once for the Balkans on a mission crucial to the survival of Western Civilization. Instead I was told, with anger and dismay, that the book I was reviewing was a masterpiece of falsehood and subversion, that it posed a threat to relations between the United States and many other countries, and that it *must* be denounced. I was also given a couple of quibbles to shoot West's way: he had got some diddly detail wrong about the CIA's functions at embassies abroad. (West is Australian, and did pretty well with the details, after all.)

I left that encounter shaken and amazed that so much risk, such potential for embarrassment, had been staked on such an inconsequential matter as the review of a novel by a kid, moreover of a novel without much merit as a work of fiction. (I ignored the hype, and said the simple truth, that the novel was ill-written.) I tell the story only to suggest that no yarn is so farfetched as to be judged impossible by our own functionaries. The deeper into Kennedy's grave people dig, the more spooks come ghosting out, ours, "theirs," God only knows whose. The real value of McCarry's novel is that it shows—better than any book I have read—what spooks are like. The appeal of the Agency is that for men with a certain bend to them it offers "a lifetime of inviolable privacy." Once in, they have no politics: "They had no morals, except among themselves. They lied to everyone except their government . . . yet they cared about nothing but the truth. They would corrupt men, suborn women, steal, remove governments to obtain the truth. . . ." And once they found it, they were—as Sam Adams has shown in a stunning exposé in the current *Harper's,* showing a CIA conspiracy against its own intelligence in Vietnam—perfectly capable of burying the truth deeper than any grave-robber could dig.

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No more nights at the Long Branch

FINAL TRIBUTE

By Mark Goodman

Back in my teenage days, when a smart mouth was the 20th century version of your fast draw, this was a klassic komeback. Bored friend asks, "Hey, Marty, what are we going to do tonight?" You pause, scuff your heels and drawl, "Let's go down to the Long Branch and see what Kitty has to say."

The odd thing was, though, that it always seemed as if you really could amble down to America's most famous saloon, draw a cool beer and tell your troubles to that earthy, practical proprietress. Or play a slightly sleight-of-hand game of checkers with the curmudgeonly Doc Addams, or swap a few outrageous lies with the pleasantly scruffy Festus. And, of course, if serious peril was imminent, there was no living man remotely as reliable as Dodge City's towering rock of frontier probity, Matt Dillon.

Truly, was there ever a shrine so inviting, so spiritually reassuring, so morally supportive, as the Long Branch Saloon? I think that is the fundamental reason that *Gunsmoke* endured for 20 years; it wasn't a television show, it was a community gathering. Billed at birth in 1955 as the first adult TV western,the series actually advanced an innocent, even childlike view of the universe: when Matt's in the Long Branch, all's right with the world. There was no place here for nervous semantic dissection of the terms "good" and "evil." Dodge City, Kansas, was the land of moral intuitionists. Matt and Doc and Kitty and, yes, even Festus were above moral forces; they perceived immediately, without a moment's mewling or cavil, what was right and hence what had to be done. And we *knew* that they knew, so their triumphs, however predictable, were supremely comforting.

Now the dread Nielsen Gang has done what a ceaseless procession of bank robbers, tinhorns, swindlers, grifters, no-account drifters, cardsharps, bushwhackers, barn burners, renegades, rustlers, sidewinders, drunkards, gunslingers, horse thieves, whores, arsonists, embezzlers, wrongoes, prairie creatures and CBS programmers were unable to accomplish in 20 years: they have shut down Dodge. It was tried once before, in 1967, and CBS got stampeded by a crazed herd of viewers and affiliate stations. But the end was plainly mapped when Kitty (Amanda Blake) left the show last year to raise cheetahs.

By then *Gunsmoke* was the last remaining western series on television; now there is none.

How come? What has happened to the noble worship of our lusty frontier, of dusty, cosmic confrontations of white hats and black hats? Movie westerns are drawing so badly that John Wayne (who initially turned down the Dillon role and suggested instead a protégé named James Arness)has switched to playing urban cops. Quote me no grosses, Manny, on *Butch Cassidy;* Paul Newman and Robert Redford romping about in bad-guy drag like naughty Hardy Boys ain't my idea of a western.

A comfortably liberal answer is that we are finally beginning to lose our taste for violence. Bleeding Jesus, I hope that's true, but my tube tells me we've simply moved the bloodletting from the streets of Laredo to the *Streets of San Francisco.* Besides, *Gunsmoke* died with its boots off; network censors over the years had whittled away at the show until it was as gentle as Ben.

One problem with the classic western (though not a *Gunsmoke* problem) is that, despite the tireless efforts of Marlon Brando, Indians are popular. We all buried a piece of our hearts at Wounded Knee. Indians must now suffer through the same condescension that blacks have endured until recently: they are too right to be bad. So your only legitimate troop of bad guys (any outlaw gang of more than eight is unwieldy) is wiped out before the credits.

Of course, times *do* change; it stopped being 1880 about 1963. In 1955 Matt Dillon was moral rearmament personified; in 1965 he was a pig. Meanwhile, Dustin Hoffman and Lyndon Johnson—each in his own special way—were making shoot-from-the-hip heroism less and less respectable. In the '50s, when Matt Dillon drew and fired on that outlaw in the title shot, we saw a cardboard cutout fall. Ten years later we were watching the real thing on the *Seven O'Clock News;* the subsequent shootouts thus seemed altogether too real.

The ultimate problem is, simply, that the traditional American western must be resolved by the clash of Goodness Embodied and Evil Incarnate. The central moral dilemma in post-Vietnam, post-Watergate America is that we just don't know who the good guys are anymore. I only wish that we could amble down to the Long Branch, draw a cool beer and ask Kitty who they are. She'd tell us. ●

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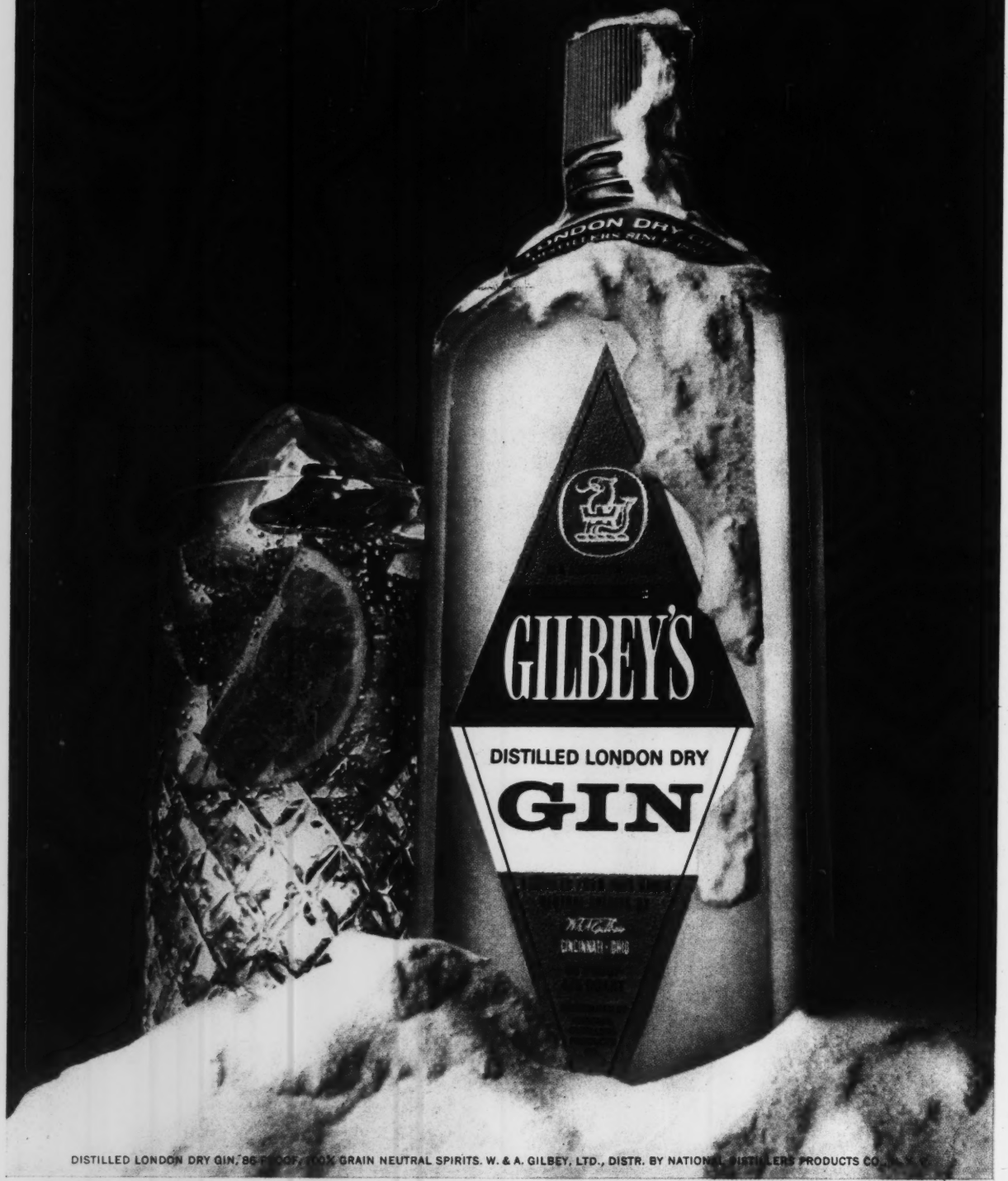

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